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New Statesman

Cover photograph: the Guardian

How the ruling class gets away with it
Despite a spate of million-pound scandals there's been no public inquiry into how Lloyd's works. But, reports GODFREY HODGSON, the rich may soon be dragging the rich through the courts 10

HOME

Peter Kellner: Why Maggie's right — and wrong — on sanctions 9
Conor Gearty: Lords welcome in police rule 12
Sarah Benton and **John Rentoul:** Moral panics and election promises 14

FOREIGN

Larry Gostin: America talks Aids 17
Denis Herbstein: Don't buy apartheid 18
John Palmer: Greens galvanise Euro Left 20

WEEKEND

Ben Pimlott: Gross inequality between rich and poor is corrupting our society 22

ARTS

John Spurling: RA Summer Exhibition 25
Jon Savage: Pop and the press 26
Adam Mars-Jones: *King David* 26
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 27
Andrew Clements: Records 28
Hugo Williams: Television 29
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on Charles Parker 29

BOOKS

Gillian Wilce: Melanie Klein 30
Kate Kellaway: Poem 31
Eileen Battersby: *Ulysses* corrected 31
Jonathan Mirsky: Behind China's door 32
Alison Stone: Poem 32
Josephine Saxton: Science fiction 32
Footnotes 33
Chris Mullin: Wilf Burchett 33

BACKCHAT

Fiona Pitt-Kethley: To swear or not to swear 34
Weekend competition 35
Crossword 35

PLUS

Scrutiny 8
Mediawatch: Phillip Whitehead 15
Slump 15
Diary: Alison Hennegan 16
Roger Woddis 16
Letters 21
John Minnion 21
Janis Goodman 39
Chess: George Botterill 39
This England 39

NEXT WEEK

PICTURE, PICTURE ON THE PAGE
It started with the For Beginners series; now there's a flood of picture books on everything from space wars to apartheid: illustrator ROBERT MASON takes a look

WILL IT WORK, DOES IT MATTER?
JOHN EDMONDS, leader of the second biggest union, the GMB, debates incomes policy and the next election with PETER HAIN

THE WEIRDNESS
of everyday life — recorded by IAN BREAKWELL, observing people going about their daily business

WEST IS WEST
ANNE SMITH reviews Rebecca West's posthumous novel *Sunflower*

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2882 20 June 1986

Fall-out in the Alliance

IN A RADIO interview last year, Shirley Williams assured listeners that differences between Liberals and the SDP were matters of style rather than substance. In particular, she suggested, the Liberals had an anti-leadership style while the SDP believed in leaders. It is a point which has been put forward by several Alliance supporters in the last two weeks as they hasten to diminish the significance of their leaders' disagreement over defence policy. The *Guardian*, whose editorials on the Alliance's defence report have come as close to eulogy as natural prudence will allow, dismissed the row as being 'daft', as being about 'very little' except 'a symbolic question of style and authority'.

This argument might be more persuasive if those who advanced it did not seem to see political 'style' as an ephemeral issue, little different from deciding what colour dress to wear to work. If the rift within and between Alliance parties is *only* a symbolic matter of leaders and party members bidding for the dominance of their particular style or authority, then that is the substance of most internal party politics.

Thus while opinion polls regularly find that the majority of the population disagrees with the actual policies of Margaret Thatcher, the public is still split between those who support her firm style and authority and those who oppose her. Similarly, it is unlikely that Neil Kinnock and Michael Foot differ a great deal on what constitutes proper Labour policy. Their increasing difference in style and authority has made a big difference to Labour's chances of winning power. And Ken Livingstone's 'extremism' was more a matter of the influential symbolism of his gestures; he actually had little power to change the economic fabric of London or, when he came up against real restraints, to defy government policy.

This is not to say the political future of a country depends on how the public perceives the personality of leaders (though that personality can, as in Mrs Thatcher's notorious lack of compassion, reveal a lot about the politics of a class or party). Rather it is to say that style is an inextricable part of the *form* of a political party. And it is its form which determines, in many cases, what sort of change it can effect in society. A party whose leaders adopt a mandarin or overly 'statesmanlike' style, with the complaisance of the members, is a party which envisages only limited change, to be effected through the upper echelons of the state. Such is David Owen's view. What he wants of defence policy is not a clearcut view which his members can campaign for in the public halls and streets of the land; it is the support for a few SDP 'statesmen' to negotiate in civilised, and closed, rooms.

The significance of the Aliance split is not because its decision on replacing Polaris will determine its election chances. It is because the relationship between leaders, between leaders and members, and how these are perceived by the public, probably will. The difference between what David Owen and David Steel want from

To keep you informed . . .

A shortlist of applicants for the post of Editor of the *New Statesman* has been drawn up by a Selection Committee, consisting of staff and Directors of the Board. They will be interviewing the candidates next week, following which the Board will make the final selection for the Editor.

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their parties in 'style and authority' is far more profound than any disagreement over Polaris.

David Owen came to the Alliance through leaving a party which insisted on deciding policy and thus restricting its leaders; the party he formed lays no emphasis on membership activity and seems unconcerned that its numbers remain tiny by mass party standards. Whatever decisions on defence are taken by the 'cadres' of the Council for Social Democracy, or even by all the members in the ballot, Owen is not going to draw back from his right to 'lead' as he sees fit.

In a mischievous but misguided response to this obvious lack of party loyalty, Conservative MP Richard Ryder published an open letter to Owen in the *Daily Telegraph* inviting him to 'join the Conservatives. You are isolated and lonely in the Alliance but you agree with us on all the big issues.' David Owen will not join the Conservatives. But he might well hope members' fears that he might to will lead them to choose between what Ryder called 'Mr Steel's anti-nuclear bran-and-brown-bread brigade' coupled with Mrs Williams's 'moth-eaten Fabian tracts' and his own right to be a 'statesman'.

David Steel has a wholly different tactical game to play. he cannot indulge in such brinkmanship because he is a party man. As befits a party which has never in the lifetime of most of its members exercised governmental power, the Liberals are accustomed to substituting their own internal policies and style for national politics. Unlike the SDP, the Liberals' radical wing has a long history of freedom of operation through, for instance, the Young Liberals or, more recently, Liberal CND. David Steel has to hold them together. The contradiction the Alliance is left with is that if it is to emerge as a credible force at the next election it needs to bring together its different political forms. It cannot do that until it starts talks on a merger, not of its leaders but of its members and their expectations. But, as its leaders have said, it cannot do that until after the next election because of the splits such talks will engender. □

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'TARZAN' TAKES AIM AT THATCHERITE CAPITALISM

MICHAEL HESELTINE is preparing for his next major assault on Mrs Thatcher's brand of Conservatism. He'll attack the very heartland of Thatcherite values — its faith in a City-oriented free-market capitalism. PETER KELLNER reports

HESELTINE outlined his case during a question-and-answer session at a London conference on industrial relations held last Friday (13 June), and arranged by EPIC, a firm of industrial communications consultants. Apparently unaware that the conference was on-the-record, Heseltine was treating the session as a dry-run for a public blast to come later.

He said we need to replace the welfare state with a 'workfare state', where everyone who wanted to work had a right to do so. To achieve this, government policies would have to change radically. Mrs Thatcher's obsession with tax cuts was wrong, and specific measures like the Youth Training Scheme were not working.

Different measures were needed in the North from the South. A strong regional policy needed to be designed to fight unemployment in northern cities. All the evidence, including his own in Liverpool when he was Environment Secretary, showed that the redirection of public spending to inner cities worked — but money now needed to be spent there on a much greater scale.

Heseltine's greatest criticism of present policies was directed at the way that, as he sees it, Britain's financial structure takes money from industry and 'sucks it into the City'. He gave three examples:

- The tax system ensures that a high proportion of savings go to insurance companies and pension funds, most of which are controlled from the City
- Companies with occupational pensions cannot, in general, use the money to develop their own business. Heseltine cited Germany as a country where company pension schemes *do* plough back money into the company, and with considerable success. Heseltine said that if a company goes bust in Germany, the most favoured creditor is the pension fund; 'in Britain it's the Inland Revenue'
- The tax system provides incentives for the owners of small businesses to sell out to big London-based institutions for 'paper' — i.e., shares in the purchasing company — rather than locally for cash

Heseltine also said that the £4 billion a year spent on mortgage tax relief could be better spent on industry.

He argued that Britain could only achieve full employment if the government reversed a number of its policies. London financiers should handle far less money, and local industrialists far more. 'The imbalance in society is acute', he said; 'the growth in the market economy won't help'. ●

HERE'S A FINE KICK-OFF ON LONDON-WIDE COMMITTEES

A TOUGH LINE on deals with the Liberals and a series of embarassing cock-ups has left Labour without control of any of the major post-GLC abolition London-wide committees. CHRISTIAN WOLMAR reports

LABOUR HAD HOPED to run at least a couple of the four main committees — which cover fire and civil defence, grants to voluntary organisations, planning and hazardous waste — because it holds 15 of London's 33 boroughs, four more than the Tories; and every borough sends one delegate to each committee.

The Liberals, however, hold the balance of power as they won three London boroughs at this May's elections and have a controlling influence on two of the three hung councils. The 33rd authority, the Corporation of London, is nominally independent but ruled by business interests which have two-thirds of the votes.

Margaret Hodge, leader of the Association of London Authorities (ALA), met David Williams, the Liberal leader of Richmond, immediately after the elections to try to negotiate a deal. But the the ALA under pressure from Labour's national leadership refused to accept one of Williams' two main demands. He wanted what he calls 'proportionality' on all committees, giving the three main parties a say in all major decisions, and a division of the chairs of the committees.

Martin Meyer/Network

ALA leader Margaret Hodge — 'there's a Tory-Liberal-SDP alliance'

It was this second demand that was unpalatable to Labour. 'We were happy to accept a democratic decision-making system that would have reflected the political balance, says Hodge. 'But we felt that letting them have some of the chairs gave them more power than their showing at the polls merited.' In the event, Labour's rejection of the deal sent the Liberals into the hands of the Tories who agreed to let the Liberals have the chairs of the planning and grants committees, taking the other two for themselves.

Not even one chair

Labour has ended up with no chairs or vice-chairs partly because of its failure to ensure full attendance at the meetings. At the grants committee, Brent, where Labour has just gained control, and Barking and Dagenham, where the traditional right-wing Labour leadership isn't much interested in grants, failed to send anybody. Labour's embarrassment in Brent was compounded by the fact that the former Liberal delegate made a great play of having done 'the right thing' by resigning rather than turning up at the meeting, which he was entitled to do.

Worse, on the Fire and Civil Defence Authority, Hammersmith and Fulham which Labour has also just won was represented by a Tory because the council failed to send in the new nomination papers in time. This has to be done within seven days of the council's annual general meeting and Hammersmith and Fulham's letter arrived a day too late.

Council leader Gordon Prentice was so incensed that the Tory, Fiona McGregor, not only turned up but voted with her group, that he went to the meeting and barracked her: 'We passed a resolution in our finance and administration committee mandating her how to vote. There was a moral obligation on her to vote in that way.' His excuse about the late nomination papers was that officers rang the Authority to advise them of the change but the Authority hadn't advised the council of the need to send in the nomination papers so quickly. 'The rules are buried in some obscure part of the 1986 Local Government Act', says Prentice, whose anger and embarrassment is compounded by the fact that he works at Labour Party HQ as the party's local government officer.

And now . . .?

David Williams is adamant that the election of the chairs doesn't mean that Tory policies will be implemented. In fact, at the grants committee which Williams chairs, the Liberals supported five of the 50 grant applications opposed by the Tories including the Feminist Library and the London Lesbian and Gay Centre.

The fire brigades union is furious at Labour's failure as it fears that a cut of 300 in the establishment of the London Fire Brigade will not be reversed. According to Margaret Hodge, Labour now has two options: either to try to force a wedge between the Liberals and the Tories to ensure some Labour policies are pushed through or to force the other two parties together 'to expose the fact that there is a Tory-Liberal-SDP alliance, not just a Liberal-SDP one'. ●

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Actions at nuclear reactors

Peace Protests Roll Call (28)

Total arrested in the UK and Eire since September 1981: 10,933

Arrests to date by location

USAF Greenham Common, Berkshire **2**
24.5.86. One woman and one juvenile (aged 13) arrested and charged with criminal damage at Orange Gate. They will appear at Newbury Magistrates on 30 June.
20.5.86. 30 Greenham woman appeared at Newbury Magistrates for means testing for non-payment of fines. Many chose to go to prison rather than pay. Lorna Richardson was sent to Holloway for 14 days for non-payment of an £85 fine imposed on her by Devizes Magistrates. The 30 women's fines ranged from £25-£110.
27.5.86. 15 Greenham woman have also had distraint orders made against them. Bristol bailifs are to seize their possessions.

USAF Chicksands, Bedfordshire **2**
31.5.86. 2 women arrested in the base. They were approached by armed soldiers who aimed guns at them. A voice over a loud hailer warned them that they had 'committed a serious offence under the Official Secrets Act'. They were taken to Biggleswade police station where they were charged under the OSA and held for two hours; charges were then dropped and they were released.

USAF Mildenhall, Suffolk **7**
25.5.86. 7 arrested after entering the base. MoD says the group cut fence and daubed on aircraft with slogans. 4 charged with cr.damage and 3 with trespass.

West Raynham Norfolk **9**
24.5.86. 9 women arrested on Women's International Day for Disarmament. They entered the base and danced round the Bloodhound missiles with lighted flares. They were rounded up by dog-handlers and very roughly treated. One woman was bitten by a dog and also suffered a nose bleed. Released on police bail for further questioning on 14 June for suspected cr.damage.

Coulport Polaris Base, Scotland **10**
19.5.86. 20 arrests. 10 men and 10 women arrested after chaining themselves together and kneeling down in front of police for 20 minutes. When traffic began to build up behind them they were arrested.

Dungeness B Nuclear Power Station, Kent **4**
18.5.86. 4 arrested. Later released without charge. One woman who painted rolling stock which carries irradiated fuel to Sellafield refused to give police her name and was held overnight. Three others climbed onto the top of the AGR and hung an 'Atoms Out' banner. Over 300 people attended a demonstration at the plant.

Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire **128**
From February to end of May 1986 128 persons have been arrested on Salisbury Plain and 102 cautioned with the majority 'banned from S.Plain'. Protest in this area is growing, 50 were arrested in May.

Catholic Peace Action, London Whitehall
24.4.86. The 8 arrested for marking the Defence Ministry with charcoal were given a 3-months conditional discharge and £15 fine at Bow Street Magistrates. None intend paying the fine.

Menwith Hill Nato Communications, W. Yorkshire **37**
20.4.86. 37 arrested on National Snowball — only 31 cut the fence. 24 charged with 'Interfering with fence', 5 cr.damage, 2 not charged, 6 ch.trespass. Cases are continuing.

Sellafield Nuclear Power Station, Cumbria **9**
20.4.86. 9 people arrested on 8th stage of National Snowball. Ch.cr.damage.

USAF Daws Hill, High Wycombe, Bucks. **9**
20.4.86. 10 people from Brighton and North London cut the fence during a Snowball action. Two men instantly grabbed by MoD. 7 others arrested by civil police (one escaped) and charged with cr.damage. 2 pleaded guilty at High Wycombe Magistrates on 28 April, where a woman magistrate had to stand down because of her involvement in the peace movement, fined £25, given 6-month cond.discharge. Other five pl.Not Guilty and have been given a court date in June.

A women's peace camp has been established outside USAF Chilwell in Notts. A camp supporter was surprised to be visited recently by two Mod plods with the request 'Could your ladies please stop spray painting the warning signs and stick to walls and fences? . . .'

Please send new information to **Janey Hulme** *at the* New Statesman

AS LABOUR ROCKS AWAY . . .

THE WRONG PEOPLE ARE TUMBLING OVERBOARD

LABOUR National Executive's apparently interminable 'trial' of infiltrators in Liverpool Labour Party reached a half-way mark last week (Friday the 13th) with the expulsion of Terry Harrison, founder and central committee member of the Revolutionary Socialist League, now Militant. IAN WILLIAMS is still applauding the clean-up effort, but beginning to fear for the innocent

EVIDENCE is mounting in support of the *NS*'s contention that, after all the blustering, Militant will order its members to accept the expulsions rather than risk losing control of dissolved party branches. One ward secretary in Terry Field's Broadgreen constituency promised his members that the vote to accept excluded members would be rescinded as soon as dissolution became a probability. Liverpool West Derby constituency didn't bother with the bluster and overwhelmingly rejected a Militant motion to defy the expulsions.

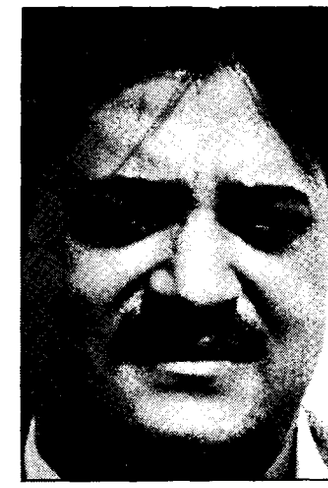
Labour's London HQ at Walworth Rd has been loth to act against defiant constituency parties for fear of leaving an organisational vacuum, but the figures for Garston constituency show that it couldn't be much emptier than it is now. The whole constituency party musters 220 members. The broad masses of Labour support in Tony Mulhearn's ward, St Mary's, is 27, and Netherly Ward, which Derek Hatton represents as a councillor, could just about crowd a telephone box with its 26 members.

Local opponents accuse Militant of running the traditional Liverpool rotten ward system which previous right-wing Labour city bosses used to full advantage.

While the promised mass upsurge on behalf of the expellees, either within the party or outside, hasn't materialised, the Right on the National Executive is struggling hard to put truth in rumours about witch-hunts. In the right-wing boss politics belt, establishment figures are using Militant's unpopularity as a means of throwing boat-rockers overboard.

Many on the Left who've supported the clear-out of Militant have been horrified at events like last week's expulsion of Kevin Scally and Birmingham City councillor Amir Khan. Their axing was carried out on a majority of one, with their accuser, Roy Hattersley, and Ken Cure, who'd investigated their case, both voting for the chop.

The nebulous charges originate, it would appear, in a pre-emptive strike by Hattersley against the possibility of deselection. Kevin Scally cheerfully admits that back in 1980, they may have tried that, but that in the current climate, they weren't even planning a serious contest. His concern was aroused back in 1983, when he congratulated his next-door neighbour for being one of a batch of 140 new, mostly Asian, recruits to



Leroy

Also expelled: Amir Khan, for organising a successful meeting . . .

Sparkhill Ward, in Roy Hattersley's Birmingham Sparkbrook constituency. He was especially impressed at his neighbour paying in advance. His neighbour was even more impressed, since he knew nothing about it, and this led Scally to check and discover non-existent names and addresses.

After over a year of trying to get an investigation into this by party officials, he went on the Channel 4 *Bandung File* programme and was seen looking for addresses of members whom regional officials had told him he 'should accept in good faith'.

As has happened before, in the case of Eddy Milne, whistle-blowers are without honour in their own party, and Scally was expelled by Sparkbrook constituency party last November by 28 votes to 18. His appeal was heard by Ken Cure who supported his fellow-Solidarity member Hattersley, and whose report was adopted by the deputy leader's one vote at the National Executive last week. The same fate was visited on Amir Khan. Khan's crime was to call a meeting last August about setting up a black section in Sparkbrook — and he possibly exacerbated his sins by getting 300 black supporters to the first meeting. He has the support of the Birmingham Council Labour

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. . . AT THE LIVERPOOL BOAT

Group which is not known for its leftness.

They have both so far abstained from going to the Capitalist Courts, but legal advice is that they have a watertight case, and an injunction is likely soon. Both of them sincerely regret the necessity, and Kevin points out that they haven't got Militant's money backing them for a legal appeal.

Your face don't fit

Across the country, Hattersley's former Parliamentary Private Secretary Stuart Bell MP is learning well, but not quite well enough, in his Middlesbrough constituency. Andy Wilson has one solid damning piece of evidence against him: he speaks with his native Liverpool accent, which is taken by some as *prima facie* evidence of Militancy. But the charges which led to his expulsion by his constituency party were almost as ludicrous. He was expelled for using a non-NGA printer for his election material as county councillor! He used material from Walworth Road and a NUPE duplicator.

More seriously, he was also charged with revealing party matters to the press, unlike all the MPs who are members of Solidarity who never ever ventilate party policy disgreements in the press.

He'd alleged that at one meeting 39 Asian General, Municipal and Boilermakers members were joined

. . . and Kevin Scally, for talking to the media

and paid for by a cheque from the union, and that GMB delegates favouring Stuart Bell were often not union members. In all, pretty much the same pattern of packing said to have been organised in Liverpool by the Militant tendency according to the National Executive's inquiry.

Luckily, the Party's Regional Executive has thrown out the case on a technicality which saved them having to deny the 'evidence' of the charges, and he is now a member again. But incidents like this across the country are provoking genuine fears that while 'real' witches in Militant are being dealt with, the innocent are suffering as well. ●

David Modell/Frame

GOLD, BLACK, GREEN, RED . . .

AS ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT summons us all to a 'Call for Sanctions' march and festival in London on Saturday 28 June — dress in the ANC colours (gold, black and green) or SWAPO colours (red, blue and green) — there's been a new spate of arrests outside South Africa House, in Trafalgar Square. TERRY O'HALLORAN (*pictured under arrest above on Monday night*) reports: Two Black South African exiles, Linda Mjebe and Teresa Yika, were among 16 pickets held on Friday night (13 June) at the round-the-clock City-AA demonstration, since when a further 10 have been held. At a press conference on Sunday, City-AA accused Cannon Row police of carrying out arrests with 'extreme physical violence' and 'racist abuse', alleging the trouble was triggered by a white passer-by attacking a Black picket, and later a sit-down against the embassy wall by Teresa Yika. A doctor at the press conference criticised neck holds increasingly used by the police as 'very, very dangerous', citing a bronchial spasm suffered by Tinuke Olafimihan, requiring emergency hospital treatment. Linda Mjebe claimed a police officer called him 'a stinking brute from South Africa who should be deported'. The picket continues. ●

MISCELLANY

While 'Old Morality' Tebbit sinks below the horizon, scarlet with embarrassment at Toryland scandals

Your heart goes out . . .

Derek Jarman, victor in the Winston Churchill Jnr obscene publications bill affair earlier this year, is toying we hear with a new film about the British royals — a theme he first handled in his *Jubilee* of 1977. The central character is expected to be Prince Edward, shown in a torrid affair with the teenage son of one of the royal household aides. Journalists at the press screening will be referred for factual confirmation that this actually occurred to, among others, a former First Lord of the Treasury.

. . . to the poor Queen

Other allegedly factual incidents from royal family life under consideration for the movie include: Edward in a fist-fight with his father (which ended in their rolling around on the floor biting each other and tearing one-another's hair out); the Princess of Wales temporarily refusing to return to England after a visit to France with the royal babies; her adultery with an escaped jailbird; and the Prince of Wales handing all her wedding presents over to the great love of his life — Britain's leading men's-eventer.

Charge counter charge

While Vizard's the Queen's solicitors, not to mention the governor of the Tower of London, mull that one over, here's a fresh bulletin on the biting and hair-pulling over at the Workers Revolutionary Party fissiparoids. The Trotskyite *Workers Press* weekly is carrying a lurid account of an attack on photographer Phil Penn by rival WRP led by Gerry Healy. Three Healyites have been charged. The *Workers Press* omits that Penn will himself shortly be in court accused of serious assault on a Healyite on the Wapping picket line a few weeks ago.

Bella figura

Actual membership of the breakaway Union of Democratic Mineworkers, in conference this week, is a real puzzle. After herculean efforts, NS *correspondent Mark Hollingsworth got them to offer him a figure just before we went to press: 34,500. Funny. Kevin Hunt, British Coal chief industrial relations executive, puts it at 27,000 members, according to a High Court affidavit of 13 May. That would be down 4,500 since his 6 December estimate of 31,500. And Michael Arnold, NUM receiver, has twice indicated the UDM membership at 13 per cent of Britain's 145,000 miners: 18,850.*

Mr Facing-both-Ways

Since the stock market is as dull as hell at present let's turn to some gossip. First there's the odd position of Lord Barber, a Janus by any other name. He's a member of course of the Eminent Persons Group that made those firm recommendations about sanctions against South Africa. He's also chair of Standard Chartered Bank, whose 40 per cent subsidiary Stanbic is one of the biggest banks in . . . South Africa. We contacted Standard Chartered to see if they could explain this anomaly. We were assured this was a question that Lord Barber himself would like to answer. Since when we have heard nothing . . .

Si le grain ne meurt

Then there's the sad fate of C. Czarnikow, once Britain's, if not the world's, leading commodity broker. Debilitated from kissing goodbye to several millions first in Liverpool, most recently in Malaysia, word reaches us (and we do mean exclusively us, trust the Left for City news), that Czarnikow are the subject of scrutiny from an American grain merchant keen on swallowing them whole. There are still some *American tourists. And now news from the* Collection Can — *sell out on BP, you'll realise a tiny profit but there's no point staying in there while the market continues to be buoyed by false optimism. Stay with Redland, the 1 per cent profit should increase. Suitable charities for profits in later issues.*

Truth will out

Oh you guessed. Yes, the film Jarman is said to be interested in next is a biopic of Edward II (1284-?1327). The men's-eventer was Piers Gaveston, after whom the Oxford Piers Gaveston undergraduate society, much in the news this week after the Olivia Channon tragedy. The First Lord of the Treasury with whom hacks could check facks? The author of the unfinished *Vita Edwardi Secundi* of 1327.

Reptile

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SCRUTINY

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

BUGS IN THE BASEMENT

NEXT TUESDAY, the Queen will ceremonially open the £50m Queen Elizabeth II International Conference Centre (ICC) in Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. But you won't be hearing that deep below the new centre is a secret government communications and surveillance network

UNDERNEATH everyone's feet at next week's ICC opening ceremony will be the massive and now well-hidden Broad Sanctuary 'citadel', built between 1950 and 1952, and now housing communications centres and telephone exchanges for major Whitehall Ministries. It appears likely to be the site of a top secret GCHQ London monitoring centre, built in 1981.

The Board Sanctuary citadel is coyly referred to in publicity for the new conference centre as a mere 'substructure'. But plans obtained by the *New Statesman* show that far from being foundation walls for the new centre, the secret 'substructure' extends below most of the site.

The underground citadel is semi-circular in outline, 220 feet in diameter, and has a ten-foot thick concrete roof. It has its own power and water supplies, air inlets and exhausts, and electrical generators — all of which had to be rearranged before the new conference centre could be built on top. There are five entrances and exits to citadel. The main entrance is believed to be concealed inside nearby government offices, known as Central Buildings.

The Broad Sanctuary site was originally bought by the government in the late 1940s. In 1949, a new Colonial Office building was planned for the site, with the bunker as its basement. But the new Colonial Office was, in the end, never built. The bunker *was* completed, in 1952, and may then have been intended to be an A-Bomb shelter for the Cabinet. Through a deep-level tunnel system, the citadel has escape routes four miles away in east and west London.

In 1958, the government announced a plan for an international conference centre on the site. But nothing happened, and the plan was forgotten for years. By 1970, when the citadel was no longer useful or secure as a government nuclear shelter, some of the space was taken over for official telephone exchanges instead.

The main mystery about Broad Sanctuary concerns what happened between 1979 and 1982, when the citadel was refurbished by Mowlems at a cost of £4.5 million — a large sum for what is claimed (in ICC publicity handouts) only to be a 'diaphragm wall'. When the Mowlem construction company started work on the substructure in 1980, the site was surrounded by high boards and placed under continuous CCTV surveillance. Workers were security vetted. During the Falklands War, some of the construction work is reported to have been temporarily stopped after official complaints of interference with important communications.

According to one official in the government's Property Services Agency, the plans and 'Phase 1' contracts for the substructure were all classified 'secret'. Other PSA sources say that the only top secret government project in London at that time was a new monitoring centre for GCHQ to tap into telephone calls and cables — suggesting that this was the nature of the work at Broad Sanctuary.

The existence of the Broad Sanctuary citadel was acknowledged in a parliamentary answer three months ago. Tony Banks MP was told that Broad Sanctuary was still in use by the government, and was allocated to the Treasury. In fact the bunker is used by a Treasury sub-department called CCTA — the Central Computer and Telecommunications Agency. The exchanges therein — including those for the the Cabinet Office, Home Office, and Foreign Office — are part of the government telecommunications network (GTN).

Until last September, the House of Commons telephone exchange was also installed in Broad Sanctuary, and an extension to the Common's exchange was to have been housed in the ICC's (proper) basement. The apparent close proximity of the new GCHQ centre to the House of Commons exchange has renewed concern about government tapping of MPs' phones, a subject about which the government continues to stonewall. ●

Buggers may lurk in the basement of the government's new conference centre

Missile manuals for sale

FULL INSTRUCTIONS on how to arm and fire Poseidon multiple warhead submarine-launched nuclear missiles have been found discarded in Scotland, and passed to the *New Statesman*. The Poseidon missile manuals, each several hundred pages long, contain copious diagrams and details about the Poseidon submarines, the missiles and their control mechanisms. The manuals were recently found, in a damp condition, on the beaches of the Holy Loch, Strathclyde, where more than 10 of 31 US Poseidon submarines, and a mother ship, are based.

Questioned about this apparently serious breach of security, US Navy spokespersons at their London headquarters have been uncharacteristically relaxed. After a lengthy period of consultation, public relations officer Lieutenant Commander Alan Doolley advised us last week that the US Government would be happy to *sell* the *New Statesman* a fresh, dry, new, replacement set of manuals: our edition was out of print, but we could have the new editions instead.

Anyone, officials of the Soviet Embassy not excluded, can buy the manuals for about $40. They are, however, normally only bought by Poseidon Fire Control Technicians — for whom they are intended as training guides.

Despite being unclassified, they reveal extensive detail about the construction of the submarine, and its navigation and control systems. They are stuffed with blueprints of Poseidon's Mark 88 Fire Control System. Bradford University defence specialist Dr Paul Rogers pointed out this week that details given about launch procedures could enable an adversary to calculate how long it would take to fire all the missiles on a submarine — and thus to see how much time was available to try and destroy the submarine first. Indeed, many procedures described, such as a launch sequence called 'ISQ', are shared by the Royal Navy in operating their Polaris submarines.

The missile manuals reveal alarming and hitherto unknown problems of reliability. No Poseidon submarine is likely to complete a 'deterrent patrol' with its missile hydraulic system intact. Fire Control Technicians are warned that 'this system is a major headache', and that once the submarine is on patrol, 'a number of leaks' will inevitably occur. They can't normally be dealt with. The result is that Missile Technicians 'in the course of their daily rounds and duties' are 'constantly' required for the less than sophisticated task of 'cleaning up [leaking] hydraulic oil', all over the ship. ●

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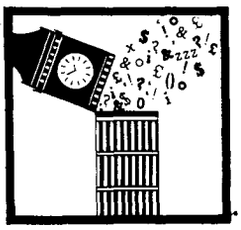

South African sanctions: where Thatcher is right — and wrong

PETER KELLNER

THEY DIDN'T WORK against Rhodesia, Mrs Thatcher said for the umpteenth time on *Channel Four News* last Friday; so they won't work against South Africa. Sanctions would hurt Blacks more than whites, say the critics; and they would hurt Blacks living in neighbouring countries even more. Moreover, we are told, some of South Africa's minerals are vitally important to the West. Finally the clincher: whatever pressure the West brings to bear, it won't make any difference — the whites will not change their ways.

The uncomfortable fact for the supporters of sanctions is that each of these statements has some truth. Those who maintain that sanctions would ensure a quick and bloodless end to apartheid are almost certainly wrong; worse, the thinness of their argument makes it easier for Mrs Thatcher and her allies to resist sanctions. If the call for sanctions is to gather momentum, it will have to start from a frank acknowldgement that their effects are uncertain and their success cannot be assured. They may well hurt the wrong people most; and they could help to precipitate further violence.

The only way to sidestep these awkward calculations is to rely solely on the moral case for terminating economic links with South Africa. And the moral case is certainly strong, arguably over-riding. Neil Wates put it eloquently in 1970 when, as Managing Director of the building company that carries his family name, he advised his fellow directors not to invest in South Africa:

> The idea of doing business in South Africa is totally unacceptable to me . . . We should have to operate within an economic climate that is designed deliberately to demoralize and to maintain an industrial helotry; we should, in turn, profit from such exploitation and ultimately end up with a vested interest in its maintenance.

As Wates with his business, so each of the ten million of us who, according to the *Observer*/Harris poll on Sunday, boycott South African goods in our shops. We avoid Outspan oranges and Cape apples because it would be wrong to buy them. Morality provides its own justification: precise calculations about the impact of our actions on Black wages or white emotions do not enter the equation.

But if we are to advocate wider economic sanctions for more than purely moral purposes, we cannot avoid making some estimate of their effect. Mrs Thatcher's motives may be questionable but on one specific point she is surely right: the case for sanctions must be judged against their likely effect. Will they accelerate the end of apartheid, or not?

TO ANSWER this question with as much certainty as we can, we must confront the critics' arguments head on.

Sanctions will hurt South Africa's Blacks more than they will hurt the whites. Probably true. It matters therefore what South Africa's Blacks think: do they want sanctions or not? Two opinion polls last year came to the same conclusion. A MORI survey of 400 urban Blacks in August found that 77 per cent thought it would be right for other countries to impose sanctions. And a survey last September by two South African university-based institutes among 800 Blacks in the main industrial areas found that 73 per cent either want western firms to pull out of South Africa altogether, or to refrain from investing 'unless they actively pressure the government to end apartheid'.

South Africa's neighbours will be hurt. Maybe, but it is for them, not us, to decide whether to take the risk. Our task would be twofold: to help Zimbabwe and Zambia in particular to open up other trade routes; and to help defend them against any military reprisals by South Africa.

Sanctions failed against Rhodesia, so they will fail against South Africa. This statement is flawed in both fact and logic. The Beira patrol was completely successful in preventing oil reaching Rhodesia via the Beira-Umtali pipeline. The reason why oil sanctions — which were the ones that mattered — failed was that British ministers (Labour ones, disgracefully) and civil servants conspired with the oil companies to allow the French company Total to supply Rhodesia in the place of Shell and BP. The essential reason for this conspiracy was to avoid a confrontation with South Africa. Had we been willing to risk such a confrontation, it is likely that Ian Smith's regime would have collapsed far more quickly.

The logical flaw is to assume that Rhodesia circumstances apply to South Africa. In some ways sanctions would be harder to enforce: South Africa has a long coastline that would be impossible to quarantine completely, and it is more self-sufficient than Rhodesia ever was. On the other hand, South Africa does not share a land border with a large, prosperous and sympathetic neighbour. If certain types of sanctions can be agreed internationally, South Africa will lack a sugar daddy to bail it out.

We need South African minerals. South Africa does supply the non-Communist world with a substantial proportion of its platinum, vanadium, chromium and manganese. In each case most of the shortfall can be made up either from alternative non-Communist sources, such as Canada and Australia, or by substituting other minerals. Vanadium, for example, is used in steel manufacture; but other alloying minerals such as tungsten and titanium can be used instead.

The argument about minerals can be turned on its head. In some cases, such as chromium and manganese, the only other major supplier is the USSR. If South Africa came under Soviet influence, a number of world mineral markets could effectively be rigged by Moscow. If we reckon that one day Blacks will rule South Africa, they are more likely to reject the West if the West continues its record of rejecting them.

Sanctions won't persuade the whites to give up power without a fight. This is probably true, and leads us to the toughest part of the argument. The realistic case for sanctions is rooted in pessimism. It assumes that the whites will never surrender power voluntarily, and that some form of violent revolution is inevitable. (If we were to assume instead that there are circumstances in which the whites *would* hand over power peacefully, all our efforts should be directed to cajoling them to do so. It is far from clear that sanctions would be the most effective policy.)

Sanctions, therefore, should be seen as a means of weakening the capacity of South Africa's economic and political system to survive. Their purpose, bluntly, is not to persuade the whites 'to see reason' but to assist the Black majority in their struggle. If the white regime insists that the struggle be violent, then the role of the West should be to make sure that the ANC wins that civil war as swiftly as possible.

In practical terms, three forms of sanctions are likely to do most damage. First, an embargo on the sale of crude oil. Two-thirds of the country's oil is imported; 85 per cent of its imports are offloaded at Durban, and the rest at Walvis Bay in Namibia. A blockade of these two ports would make it hard for South Africa to continue its present level of economic activity. Second, a ban on the purchase of South African exports. Third, an embargo on new investment (including financial credit) in South Africa. These would damage the country's ability to buy the imports it needs.

No sanctions are foolproof, least of all against a country with a coastline as long as South Africa's. But they could help defeat apartheid; and if Mrs Thatcher is right, and they don't help enough, the logic of the next stage is clear: Britain should give military aid to the African National Congress. □

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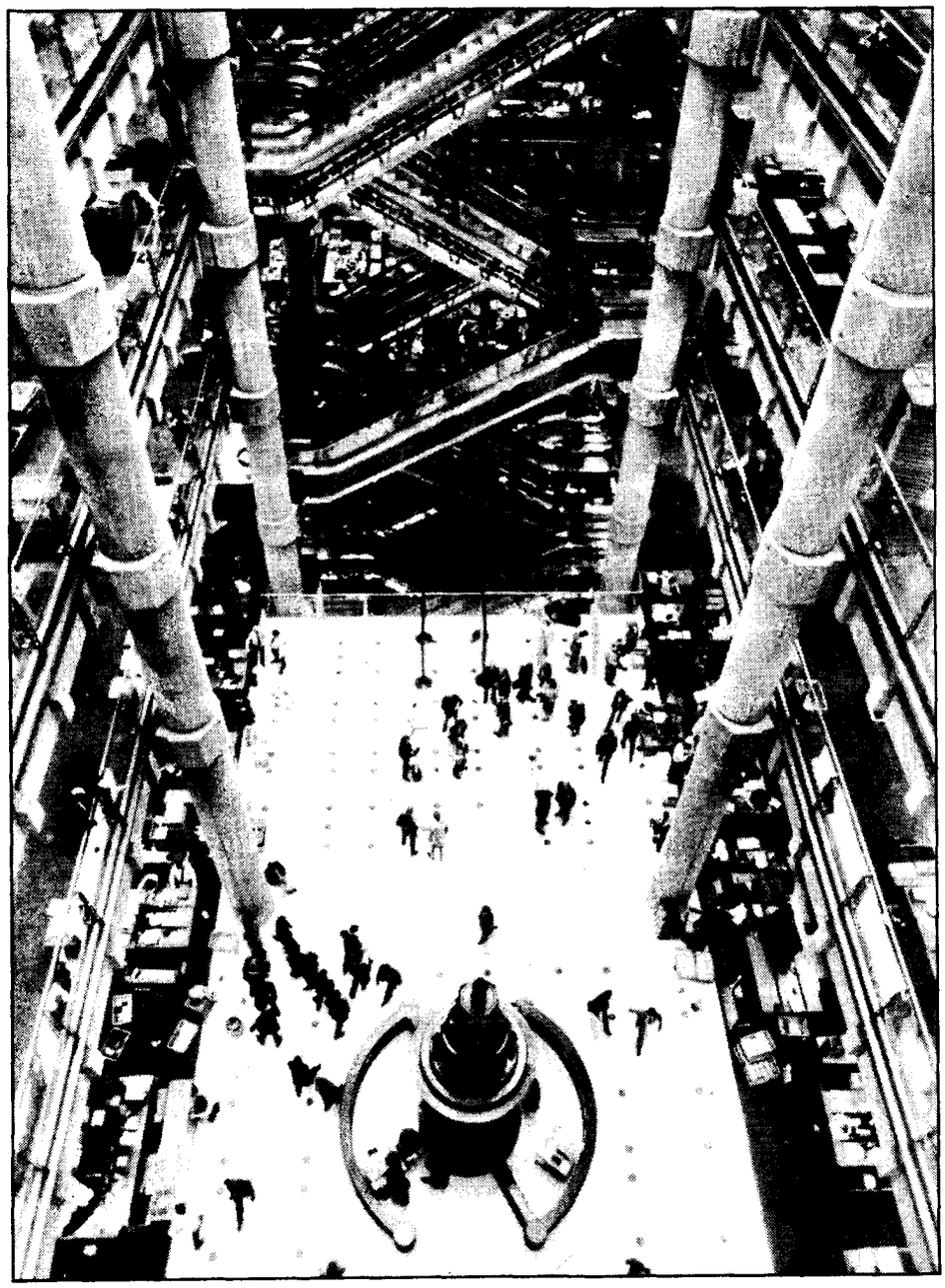
HOW THE UPPER CLASS GETS AWAY WITH IT



The Guardian

Despite a spate of million-pound scandals, there has been no public enquiry into how Lloyd's does and should work. But, as GODFREY HODGSON reports, members might bring in the law

THE LONG-RUNNING conflict over whether the Lloyd's of London insurance market, with a premium income of some £4,000 billion and an unsavoury recent history of scandals and rip-offs, should continue to be allowed to regulate itself is about to come to a grand operatic climax.

In about a month's time, the Department of Trade and Industry will receive the report of a committee of inquiry into the regulation of the Lloyd's insurance market, chaired by the Warden of All Souls, Sir Patrick Neill QC.

There is no reason to get too excited about that. There is still less to expect the government — around one-fifth of Conservative MPs are members of Lloyd's — to leap into dynamic action when the Neill report lands with a soft thud on the Secretary of State's desk.

The committee's brief was to decide how Lloyd's ought to be regulated. In particular, it had to decide whether Lloyd's ought to be covered by the Financial Services bill like the other self-regulating markets in the City, or whether — as the Chairman and most of the working members of Lloyd's passionately hope — it will go on in its own sweet way,

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regulating itself under the Lloyd's act of 1982. The original *raison d'être* for the committee was, no doubt, to give Leon Brittan, then the Secretary of State, and his number two, Michael Howard QC, some cover during the firestorm in the House of Commons last winter set off by demands from Brian Sedgemore and others for effective regulation.

While Warden Neill and his fellow pundits mull over the rights and wrongs of allowing Lloyd's to continue to be a law unto itself, however, a fuse has been laid which, if it is lit and allowed to burn, will have far greater potential explosive impact for the London insurance market and for the City.

The fuse is a lawsuit which some members of Lloyd's (or 'Names') are threatening to bring. At present they stand to lose anything between £200,000 and £1 million each. Some of this money was 'shamefully stolen' — to quote the present Chairman of Lloyd's, Peter Miller — by the superstar underwriter Peter Cameron-Webb and his team; some of it is occasioned by the same superstar's penchant for 'long-tail' US liability insurance, which is highly profitable in the early years, and devastatingly expensive in the long-run.

There are almost 40 potential defendants to this threatened action, and they include, besides the Corporation of Lloyd's itself, three of the largest firms of Lloyd's brokers and several underwriting agencies. The ramifications of the PCW affair are vast. They stretch far beyond the esoteric world of marine insurance and re-insurance, which was Cameron-Webb's field. Underwriters at Lloyd's have huge sums to invest, and they are advised on how to do it by banks, merchant bankers, stockbrokers, asset managers and all the other fauna of the City. Many City institutions have a stake in how the PCW affair is resolved — not least in how much of the fine detail, including names of those peripherally involved, ever sees the light.

The government, of course, has a stake in that same question, too. The last thing it wants is a political scandal in high finance — which is why the Warden of All Souls has been wheeled in.

Then there are the lawyers. Forty defendants in a commercial action on this scale, with millions of pounds at stake, means at least 40 firms of solicitors, briefing dozens of silks at up to £5,000 a day, not to mention their juniors. One insider's estimate is that if the case came to court, it would last a year and the costs would come to more than £20 million. But that presupposes a simple action, with a few hundred of the Names who stand to lose their shirts on one side, and the 40-odd defendants on the other.

Many of the defendants, however, might feel obliged to sue one another to safeguard their shareholders' or — in the case of Lloyd's — their members' rights. The alluring possibility looms before the lay imagination, therefore, of a lawsuit to end all lawsuits, a sort of cosmic black hole into which the English commercial legal system would literally implode.

NO DOUBT THAT is mere wish-fulfilment fantasy. Still, the parallel with Jarndyce and Jarndyce is irresistible. Dickens's suit in Chancery mysteriously brought together every class and condition in Victorian England, from the rich Whig oligarchy airily chattering about politics at a Lincolnshire mansion to the grim squalor of Tom-all-alone's where the destitute die in the dark.

The PCW affair, too, is a compelling metaphor which ties together many of the themes of Margaret Thatcher's England: among them, the triumph of the financial sector over production; dependence on the United States; and the revenge of the middle class.

Lloyd's has gradually moved from being predominantly concerned with providing a practical service to a key sector supporting the British manufacturing economy (marine insurance for the merchant navy) to providing a financial service (non-marine insurance) to mainly Japanese and American insurance companies, now the largest and probably the most profitable type of Lloyd's business.

Two-thirds of Lloyd's premium comes from the United States. Lloyd's, in fact, is a classic example of the ostensibly terribly-British institution (Wimbledon, the West End theatre, the British film industry, Roll-Royce, changing the guard at Buckingham Palace) which have become peripheral, if prosperous, adjuncts of the great North American service economy.

Lastly, in the 1970s Lloyd's became more and more motivated by the imperative of protecting the status of upper middle class and frankly upper class English people (as well as some foreign Anglophiles and insurance executives) against the Four Horsemen of the socialist apocalypse: taxation, exchange control, inflation and unprofitable investments.

Which brings us back to Cameron-Webb. For the fact is that, while Peter Cameron-Webb and his friends went over the top by helping themselves to several millions of Other People's Money, many of the unacceptable things they were doing had become widespread at Lloyd's. Cameron-Webb and a few others helped themselves to money which they had a fiduciary duty to look after for their Names. Bad show. But the devices that enabled them to do so — spurious re-insurance contracts sending money into offshore rollover funds, and baby syndicates which allowed the market professionals to cream off the most profitable business for themselves — were widespread.

What is more, some of those on the Committee which successfully claimed to regulate the market, while above any suspicion of personal dishonesty, were nevertheless involved in questionable practices such as offshore rollover funds and baby syndicates.

LURKING BEHIND all the specific scandals at Lloyd's, indeed, there is the pervasive, unrecognised problem of conflict of interest. There is little Lloyd's business in which a large number of members do not have a stake. And self-regulation, which is the shibboleth of all good Lloyd's men, when analysed to its logical essence, erects conflict of interest into an untouchable principle. How can those who have a financial interest be expected to envisage altering them? How can those who earn their own very ample living and large profits for others in a market — the major underwriters and brokers who make up the committee — be expected to act as its police force? How can the players also be the referee?

That is why Sir Patrick Neill's committee ought to report in favour of regulation by a statutorily-constituted public body with adequate powers, and the government ought to give urgent priority to legislation to establish such a body. But if I have learned anything in watching the City, the Bar and Tory governments at work for a quarter of a century, they won't.

What will happen will follow roughly this scenario. Negotiations for a settlement will not be resolved until the plaintiffs have actually issued a writ, to which, however, the pleadings will not be made public. This will happen in order to give the defendants, including Lloyd's, a chance to convince their team that they have no option but to settle.

Settling is no easy option. It will not only be embarrassing, given that the present Chairman of Lloyd's was taking the view, as recently as late last year, that most of the PCW Names' potential losses were ordinary underwriting losses. It is also dangerous for Lloyd's, which demands unlimited liability from its members. Already in the Sasse affair in 1979 Lloyd's agreed to settle, in part no doubt because of fear of possible publicity. A second settlement might make Names all too ready to reach for their lawyer, rather than their chequebook, when asked to pay heavy losses.

Between the Devil of lengthy and expensive litigation, then, with the attendant publicity, and the Deep Blue Sea of breaching the principle of unlimited liability, Lloyd's will no doubt ultimately settle. With the — by no means accidental — result, of course, that we shall never know exactly how such a monumental cock-up could ever have been allowed to happen. □

The revised edition of Godfrey Hodgson's book, Lloyd's of London, *will be published by Penguin later this year.*

What's in a Name?

Names All members of Lloyd's are Names. To become a member, or Name, an individual must be able to pledge enough personal wealth (currently £100,000) to Lloyd's business.

Underwriters All members of Lloyd's are in theory underwriters. But in practice the active underwriters accept insurance risks on behalf of a syndicate of Lloyd's members.

Brokers work on the floor of Lloyd's, bringing in the insurance risks to the underwriters.

A baby syndicate is a small, inner group of underwriters who take the most profitable bits of business for themselves rather than, as they are supposed to, for their Names. Lloyd's is stopping the practice.

An offshore rollover fund is a reserve of money kept outside Britain which primarily functions to avoid tax.

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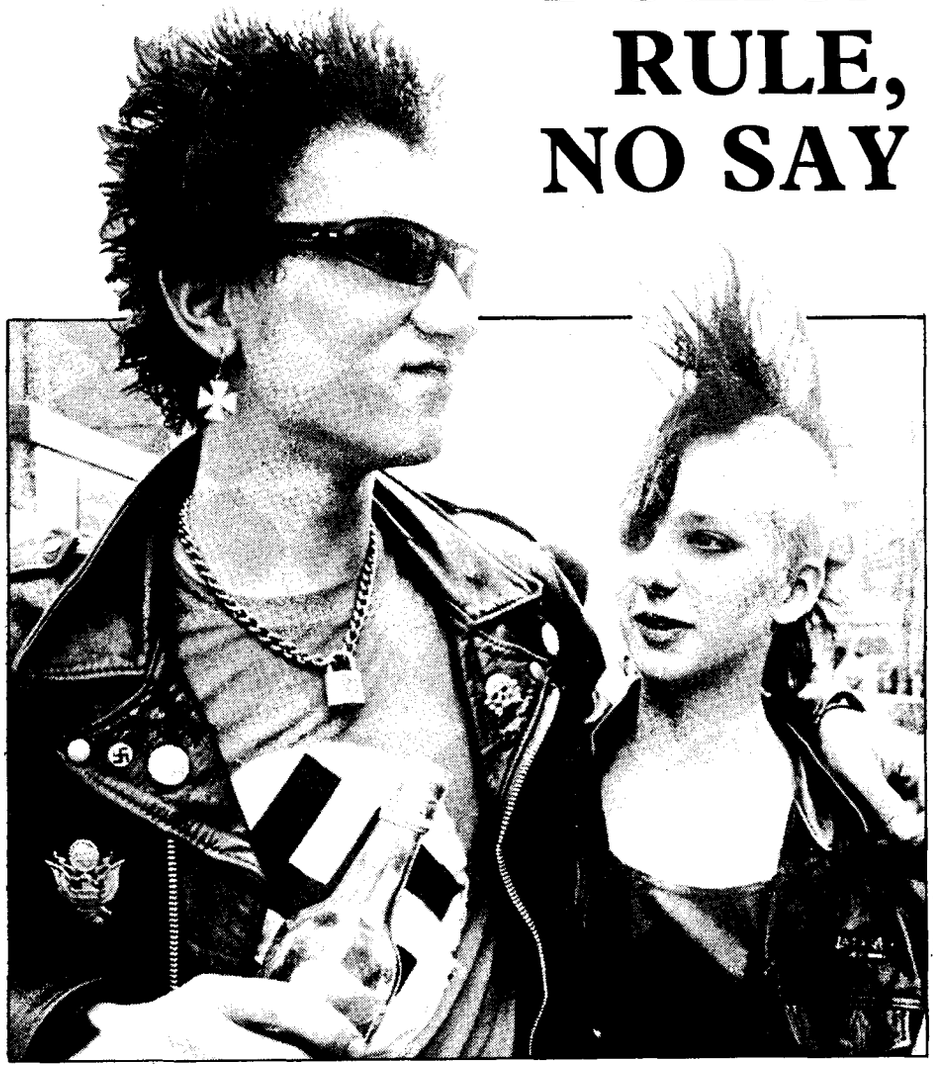
POLICE RULE, NO SAY



Judah Passow/Network

The police will have powers to rid Kings Road, Chelsea, of its main tourist attraction

CONOR GEARTY on the draconian new Public Order Bill — and how to challenge it

PLASTICS BULLETS may soon be on the streets of London, disguised as 'baton rounds' and maiming in the name of law and order. Water cannons will make it too, if the Metropolitan Police Commissioner satisfies himself that they are able to chase people up narrow London streets. The police are soon to get 3,000 new recruits — presumably to help in all this peacekeeping.

Meanwhile, both police pay and the number of serious crimes have continued their inexorable rise. Now the new Public Order Bill is to give the police sweeping new powers so that they will be able to deal with in the courts what the rest of their weaponry will combat less ceremoniously on the streets.

It is an odd way to keep the peace. The police themselves are distraught — and who can blame them? The riots of recent years have been bad and bloody and the police have been in the front-line. Panicked by the increasing lawlessness but professionally blind to the possibility of deeper causes, their reflex response is to demand more of all that's going. Like addicted gamblers, they crave the next bet — in men, equipment, powers — that will make all the difference. Governments should know better and look deeper. But this one doesn't and can't. So the police expand and the problem grows with them, and in the middle our liberties are horribly squeezed.

This new Public Order Bill is a case in point. Its ride so far has been easy. It slipped through the Commons under cover of Westland, the bombing of Libya, Chernobyl and the prison riots. Labour, the new-look party of law and order, has trodden carefully, sensitive to the fragility of its renovated image. Last Friday it went through the Lords, with only Lord Scarman demurring at its momentum. The usual pressure groups have been unusually quiet though the Legal Action Group sent out a plea for amendments. The Bill, beneficiary of this apathy, has drifted through in the swell of noticed events. Yet its provisions reflect what Lord Scarman has described as a 'fundamental lack of balance.' They deserve closer attention.

THE BILL DOES three important things. Firstly, it gathers together and redefines the old common law offences of riot, unlawful assembly (now to be called violent disorder) and affray.

- Where 12 or more persons present together use or threaten *unlawful violence* for a common purpose, then each person using violence for this purpose is to be guilty of riot where the conduct of the group would cause a person of reasonable firmness present at the scene to fear for his or her personal safety. (Maximum sentence: life imprisonment)
- *Violent disorder* will catch a member of a group of three or more using or threatening violence in similar circumstances but without any common purpose. (Maximum sentence: five years)
- *Affray* will be committed where a person uses or threatens unlawful violence towards another in such a way as would cause a person of reasonable firmness present at the scene to fear for his or her personal safety. (Maximum sentence: three years).

But crucially, the Bill goes on to say that each crime may be committed in private as well as in public places and that in none of them need this person of reasonable firmness actually be, or even be likely to be, present at the scene. The offences are thus dramatically broadened.

All loopholes are to be closed. The result will be a set of crimes committed regularly and in the oddest of places: a family squabble at home may be violent disorder even without the use of violence; a person using violence to eject another from a private meeting may be guilty of riot if 11 others threaten to do the same; any offence against the person may be reclassified as an affray; and so on.

Now conduct like this, especially violence in the home, should perhaps be dealt with by the law. However this brings the Bill way beyond *public* disorder. So, if the powers are not used in these new ways, it will only be because the police will have chosen not to exercise them. The law will no longer govern the circumstances within which the police act. This is a daunting prospect for responsible police and public alike.

The Bill creates a new and controversial offence. Among other things, it will turn disorderly behaviour 'within the hearing or sight of a person likely to be caused harassment, alarm or distress thereby' into a *criminal* offence. The critical thing to note here is that this proposed crime involves no breach of the peace or threat of violence. It could be useful as a curb on racial harassment, if the police interpreted it in this way, but it has the potential to go much further than that. Disorderly behaviour clearly refers to conduct which does not threaten the peace but which is otherwise antisocial or offensive to others.

Through this debasement of language the police will be handed a novel and draconian power. Are rowdy and boisterous undergraduates shouting their way from pub to College disorderly? What about a group of Rastafarians or punks in exactly similar circumstances? Most people, and certainly the police, are more likely to condemn as

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disorderly the unknown and the unfamiliar than conduct which they themselves occasionally indulge in.

This clause gives to the police the power to punish non-violent non-conformity for the crime of being itself. The reader may query whether things will work out like this. The answer depends on the good sense of individual police officers. Our liberties will depend on that, not the law itself.

The third important thing the Bill does is to change the law relating to all public protest. The old power to ban marches where public disorder is feared is retained. In addition the police will be able to impose conditions upon processions and public assemblies with 20 or more people where they reasonably believe that either may result in serious public disorder, serious damage to property, serious disruption to the life of the community or that the purpose of the organisers is to intimidate others.

These conditions may be imposed either in advance or there and then by a mere police constable who stumbles upon the preparations for a protest. They may relate to the route of the procession and may prohibit it from entering specified public places. If it is a meeting, then the place at which is is to be held, how long it is to last and how many may attend may all be regulated by the police. Disobeying these instructions is to be a criminal offence for which it will be possible to be sent to jail.

The law will thus allow police to limit public protest to the point of extinction. A CND march around an empty common is less effective, if causing less inconvenience, than one down the High Street; a meeting about South Africa is less meaningful at Waterloo Bridge than in Trafalgar Square, especially if the number is cut to 20 after 2000 turned up. Yet the vaguest and most nebulous of criteria bring these draconian powers into play.

THESE THEN ARE the massively extended powers with which, along with water cannon and plastic bullets, it is intended to re-equip the police. Are there any constraints upon their exercise? Chief amongst these, in theory at least, is review by the courts.

In Parliament, the Home Secretary argued that because of this judicial involvement, the powers he proposed were not too extreme. But what is the reality? With vaguely defined offences and no jury trial (as with violent disorder and affray) the court will become a slot machine, not a referee.

But most disturbing of all, the courts simply have *not* acted as guardians of the citizen. They have in the past dramatically extended police powers without any democratic accountability. In 1985, the courts upheld the legality of police roadblocks where their purpose was to prevent striking miners reaching various collieries. The key assumption, largely unquestioned, was that the police had reasonably apprehended a breach of the peace. The same formula was used in 1961 to impose an arbitrary limit on the number of pickets permitted outside a workplace where the majority were on strike.

These examples can be multiplied. They reflect a willingness on the part of the courts to surrender law-making to the police. The police act; the courts justify. The tool of control is this ill-defined, non-statutory and infinitely flexible phrase, the 'reasonably apprehended breach of the peace'. It is the police abracadabra to total power.

And Parliament did not create it, does not debate it and has no control over how it has been or is likely to be developed.

What conclusions can be drawn from all of this? The lazy, unreflective support for the police shown by the courts in the past, if combined with the broad and woolly provisions of the new Bill, will confirm the special position of the police in our society. Even more than at present, their judgement will be law. Protestors, on the other hand, will have no rights, no entitlements, with which to oppose this power. Nor will those deemed culpably antisocial. All our freedoms will be contingent upon the beneficial exercise of what is effectively an absolute discretion.

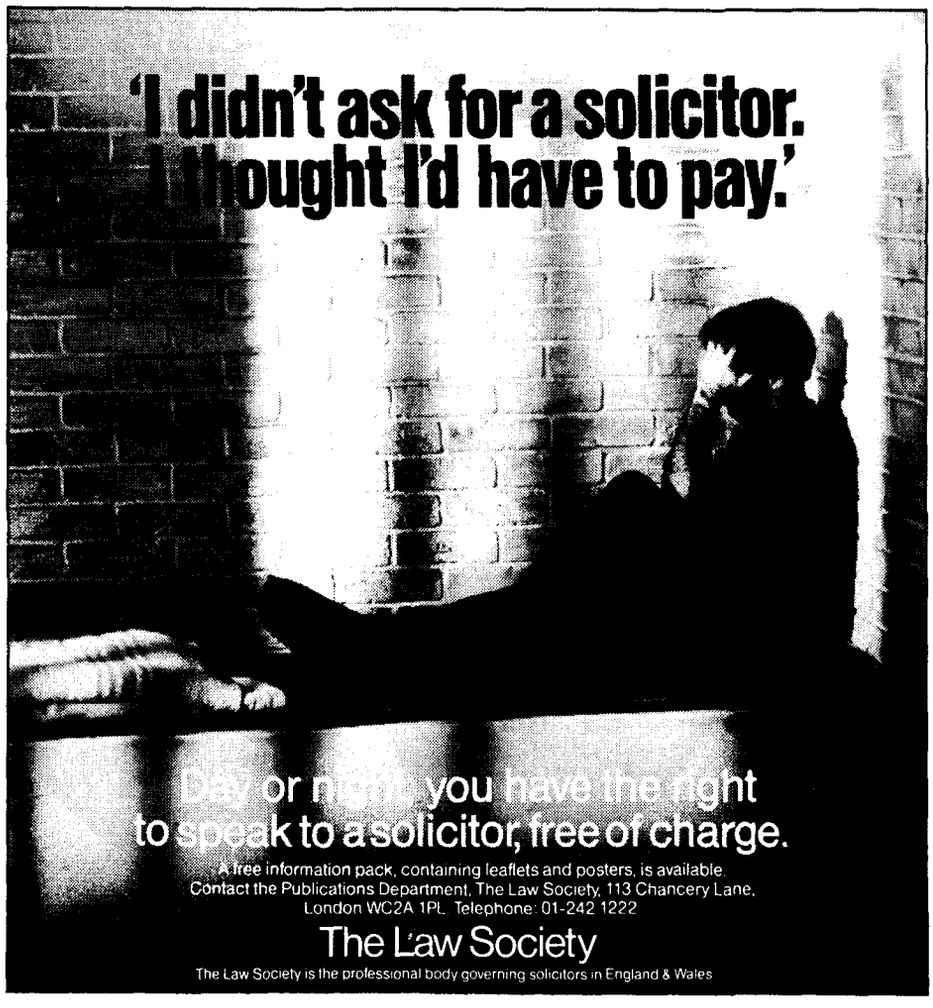
This is an impossible imposition on the police. Their job is to keep the peace, not to balance rights. Reflecting this inevitable bias, the balance here is not between order and freedom, it is between order and convenience. The individual is not even on the scales. The ostensible safeguards of legislative and judicial control are thin and fragile, more useles than used.

If this is the situation, what can we do about it? The answer is a great deal. First, there should be enacted *a statutory right to demonstrate*. Even hedged about with restrictions, this will help the individual clamber back into view. It will force the courts and remind the police to take account of the other side. There will not just be tenuous fear of future disorder; there will also be the *right to hold a meeting*, the *right to march* and so on. Freedom may not always win, but at least it will be noticed.

Secondly, the legislature must reduce police discretion by enacting clear, narrowly defined, laws dealing with situations where public disorder has broken out. Thirdly, there should be issued further codes of practice (on the model of the Police Act codes) regulating the exercise of police discretion. A House of Commons Select Committee should be established to deal with policing powers. Chief Constables should publicly answer for their exercise in the way that other powerful officials with discretionary powers now regularly do. It would be interesting to hear them explain the established co-ordinating role of ACPO, the Association of Chief Police Officers, for example.

None of this, of course, will follow from the current Public Order Bill. The irony is that the Bill will do little to curb public disorder. Its new powers relate more to non-conformity, to inconvenient protests and to private fighting than to public violence. It is to be hoped that the extreme nature of many of its provisions will provoke some thinking along these lines. The alternative is a continuation of this distressing drift into discretionary law. A police state, even a benevolent one, is not a free society for long. □

Conor Gearty teaches Constitutional Law at the University of Cambridge and is a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.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NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T

SARAH BENTON and JOHN RENTOUL catch the Tories' increasing use of instant law to prove they are 'doing something' about social ills

WHAT ARE THE ills of our society for which we look to government for some relief? Poverty, unemployment, homelessness, inequalities in health and education, rising death rate from industrial injury, racism, the shrinking of our civil freedoms? Not at all. Our leaders, as reported in the media, remain silent on these things while measures which aggravate many of them chunter quietly through the machinery of state and private business.

No, the ills of society can be summed up in one image: the undisciplined youth given inducement to be bad by an outside agency such as the drug pusher, the bolshevik teacher, the revolutionary group. It is an image that Conservative spokespersons have produced with increasingly dramatic flourishes — but only when they can command a stage from which they can announce a magic solution. That solution is almost invariably an instant new law.

'Politics is a spectacle, reported by the media and witnessed by parts of the public' wrote Murray Edelman in his recent Afterword to his now dated but pathbreaking work on symbolism in politics*. The more remote a media report of a threat to social order is from people's actual experience, the less able people are to judge the efficacy of a government's actions or monitor the results. Thus the mass becomes an ever-more impotent audience for the government's spectacular flourishes: here you see a threat, now I magic it away.

Of all the stages for such performances, none is better than Tory Party conference, never intended to be more than a display of theatrical ritual. None passes without some minister arising, at a carefully stage-managed moment, to announce a cure to what he has just read in the papers. Thus Leon Brittan magicked away a scourge of sex killers with minimum 20 year sentences (1983), Kenneth Clarke exterminated drug pushers with life sentences (1984) and David Mellor again repelled them from our shores with a new law to seize their assets (1985). Watch out for this year's media scourge in October.

Other stages serve well. General election campaigns are good — William Whitelaw promised youthful delinquents would disappear in a puff of smoke otherwise known as the Short Sharp Shock in the 1979 campaign and Mrs Thatcher rid Londoners of the GLC in an impromptu pledge in 1983. She in particular can summon a stage whenever she wants an audience. As Jim Prior remarked wryly, she likes to make policy on TV, not least because cautious ministers and bureaucrats cannot detract from the symbolic power of the instant law. For there is no evidence that the new laws have much effect other than as symbolic reassurances that a symbolic threat has been quashed.

In the last year, Conservative leaders have stepped up their use of the deus ex machina in politics, especially through late amendments in the House of Lords, now returning to its own as a bunch of remote and unaccountable old fogies much alarmed by what they read in the press. It is an inevitable consequence of the disintegration of the populist myth. As pressure rises for State actions that might deal with actual, pressing social ills, so the government must prove itself to be doing something. It thus elevates newspaper stories into different social ills and promises more and more ineffectual laws to remove them. Meanwhile, it keeps quiet on the laws that matter: see page 12. □

*_The Symbolic Uses of Politics_ by Murray Edelman, reprinted by Illini Books, 1985.

Panics and promises

PANIC: YOUTHFUL HIPPIES

Media dramatises hippy convoy especially after heart attack of farmer.
Promise: Declaring 'I am only too delighted to do everything we can to make life difficult for such things as hippy convoys' Mrs Thatcher sets up Cabinet committee on trespass. Douglas Hurd proposes new clause on criminal trespass in Public Order Bill.
Upshot: Hants Chief Constable says 'more legislation means more complication'. Fox hunters ride out against loss of rights to trespass.

PANIC: YOUNG FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS

Media reports Heysel stadium deaths, TV films Bradford stadium fire.
Action Mrs T personally sets up and chairs ministerial committee; Sporting Events (Control of Alcohol etc) Act follows August 1985.
Upshot: Home Office claims 44 per cent fall in arrests at football matches. Either the law or televised Heysel have had sobering effects; but 'hooligans' claim they just fight outside the ground.

PANIC: YOUNG DRUG ADDICTS

Media torrent of drug stories through 1984 and 1985 including *Mirror* 'Heroin — the Scourge' campaign launched November 1984. New peak with mass publicity for death of 14-year-old Jason Fitzsimmons in Liverpool ('Smack City' to the tabloids) in August 1985.
Promises: Health Minister Kenneth Clarke announces life sentences for drug pushers at Tory conference 1984; at 1985 conference Home Office minister David Mellor announces Bill to seize the assets of drug traffickers. This is 'loudly applauded' (*Times*) by Tory conference extras, aka Representatives.
Upshot: Hard drug addiction still increasing but pot-smokers get hounded like child murderers. Government cuts Customs staff by 1,000.

PANIC: YOUTH SEX

Media: *Sun* front page 6 May: 'Vile Book in Schools — pupils see pictures of gay lovers'. Alleges ILEA issuing teachers' handbook, mentioning homosexuality, to all schools. ILEA in fact has one copy.
Measure: Lords amendment, 2 June, moved by Baroness Cox, requiring sex education to 'emphasise moral responsibilities and the importance of family life.'
Upshot. Needs long-term assessment; for instant rebuke, see *Times* leader saying such instant amendments have made the Education Bill 'a Christmas tree festooned with irrelevant bits and pieces.'

PANIC: YOUTH INDOCTRINATION

Media drama begins 8 October 1985 after Tottenham riot. *Mail* runs 3-page special headlined 'Brainwashed to hate the police. Revealed . . . the torrent of lies and twisted truths that is indoctrinating our society today.' Text by Baroness Cox inveighs against schools propaganda on the rates.
Measure: Cox's Lords amendment banning teaching of politics in primary schools May 1986.
Upshot: 'Completely pointless and ineffective piece of legislation' says NUT, though 'an open incitement to legalistic troublemakers'.

PANIC: YOUTH CURB FREE SPEECH

Media give wide coverage to 'appalling treatment' of David Waddington MP, *Sun* prof John Vincent and John Carlisle MP at various universities.
Measure: Late amendment in Lords stipulating speaking rights of visitors to universities.
Upshot: Amendment withdrawn after protest from Vice-Chancellors about government 'acting in haste'; government to re-introduce in Commons after more thought.

PANIC: RED KEN'S GLC

Media: Hyper campaign, especially in *Mail* and *Evening Standard*, against grants to lesbians, gays, Black groups, invitations to Sinn Fein, Police Committee demands for Met accountability.
Measure: Last-minute insertion in 1983 manifesto promising abolition of Met counties and GLC.
Upshot: Public relations disaster; huge expense and dislocation of joint bodies and residuary bodies which have already overshot spending limits by up to 15 per cent.

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MEDIA

MPs bury their heads in filth

PHILLIP WHITEHEAD

WHAT DO POLITICIANS think about television? Not a lot, seems to be the answer provided in the final programme in Channel 4's excellent series 'Open the Box'. Next week's show is a muddle, but through it there rumbles a strange chorus of honourable and right honourable boobies, telling us that it was all 'sheer filth'. Any debate which takes its lead from Young Winston on the moral health of the nation borders on the risible.

The real question is why their own efforts to open the box, or to enquire who else has stolen the key, have been so pathetic. A little touch of Derek Jarman in the night, and our guardians can create time and parliamentary space for outrage. There is no equivalent agitation for tougher regulation of the international airwaves, to prevent their seizure by the new monopolists, and the unbridled consumer culture they represent.

Yet internationally the moment has surely come where if the bad combine, the good must at least associate. The Tories are hopeless on this. Even in the Labour Party the voices that are raised are confused. There is the old division between Home Office regulators and Arts liberators, the archaic and wistful hankering for national monopolies, the insularity of a party which still finds it hard to accept that Europe's problems are our own.

In recent months an Arts working party chaired by Norman Buchan has made an effort to stir the wider party to life. For the Left to gain power with an ill-thought out media policy would be disastrous. Denis MacShane's timely tract *French Lessons for Labour*, published this month by the Fabian Society, is an awful warning of how media reforms can unravel. The Mitterrand socialists not only failed to crack concentrations of press ownership, but ended by introducing more advertising-financed and populist television channels, with a satellite system, TDF 1, opened up to the international entrepreneurs Silvio Berlusconi and Robert Maxwell. Chirac's government is set to privatise France's premier television channel.

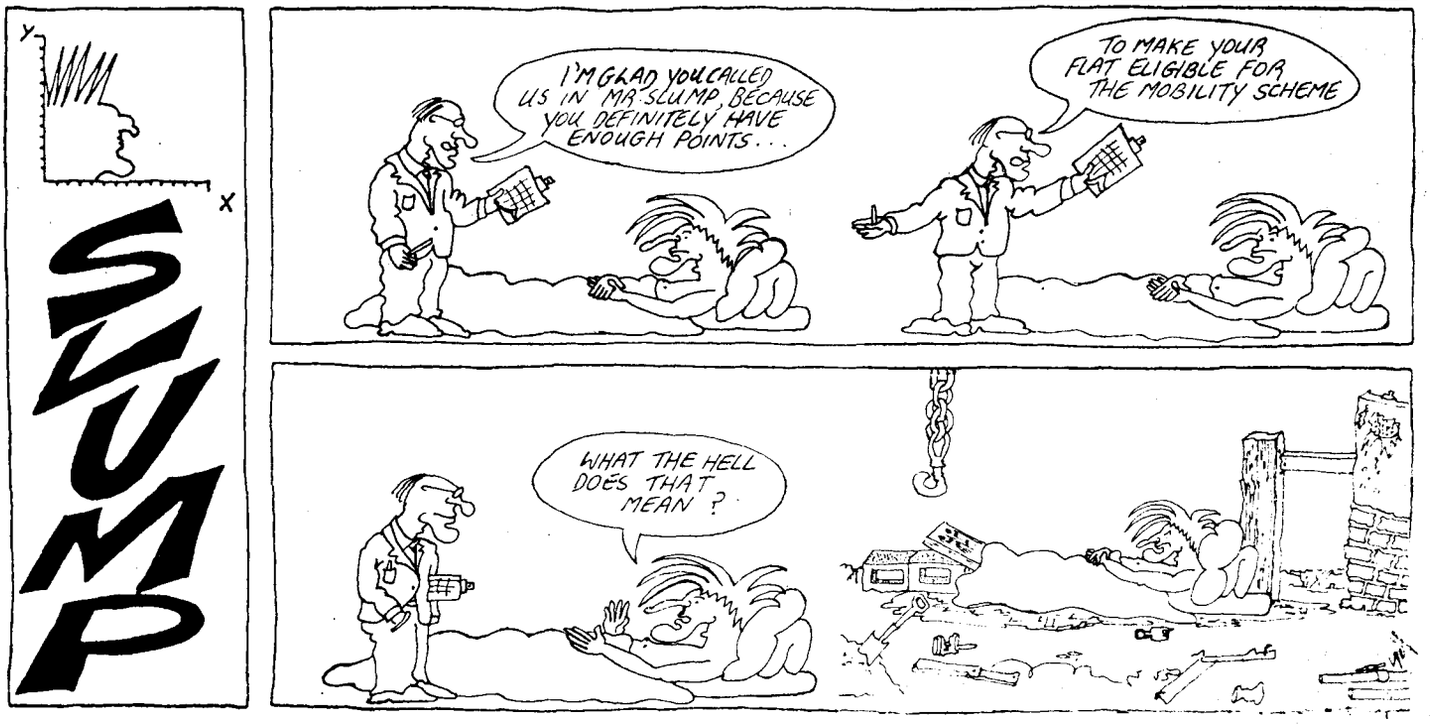
The high-powered TDF 1 satellite, and its German rival TV—Sat are due to be launched this year, each transmitting up to four television channels. The European Space Agency satellite Olympus will follow in 1987. In less than ten years Europe will be covered by the 'footprints' of between 20 and 30 channels. The early days of all this have passed Britain by. With our strong national television output, low (and falling) number of cabled households, and high VCR usage, there has been no easy point of entry for the first generation of low powered satellites. We've been exporters, not importers of Music Box and the Murdoch Sky Channel, which are beamed into the cable systems of continental Europe.

Their impact there has been felt already. Small countries like Norway, Denmark, or the Netherlands, with an indigenous broadcasting tradition built on public service and programme origination in a language unique to them, face a real threat. The Dutch channels reckon to have lost most of their 15-30 year old audience since Sky Channel was authorised for Dutch cable systems. Low power satellites can only get access through the bottleneck of the nationally controlled cable systems. These serve only one West European household in ten. Less than half of those receive satellite programming at present. All this will change with direct satellite broadcasting, DBS, at the point where the individual household invests in a dish aerial to pick up the new generation of high-power satellites. From then on television will pass from national control to multinational exploitation.

There should be no doubt where the hegemony of Murdoch, Maxwell, Berlusconi and their like will take us. Access to the biggest film archives, of the kind which Murdoch has already achieved, will enable them to flood Europe with mid-Atlantic mush. Post Peacock, the Tories are likely to try to create the acceptance for a market economy of broadcasting, which will enfeeble the old system of regulated diversity. The way will be open for the DBS multinationals to move in.

It is one thing for bodies like the European Cultural Foundation to adopt declarations about the threat to European standards posed by DBS, as it did on 30 May. For governments to act is something else. Some form of European licence for DBS aerials, to restore the bottleneck through which programming comes into the household, and to allow the enforcement of broadcasting standards would in turn need a European agency to set out what such standards were, with international sanctions against the over-mighty media barons. The European communications ministers meet in Vienna in December.

If they are to get beyond the usual platitudes they need an impetus — not least from Europe's most powerful broadcasting nation. Will they get it, or will the House of Commons still be yammering on about 'sheer filth', unable to recognise the stuff as it drips on them from the skies?


SLUMP
I'M GLAD YOU CALLED US IN MR SLUMP, BECAUSE YOU DEFINITELY HAVE ENOUGH POINTS...
TO MAKE YOUR FLAT ELIGIBLE FOR THE MOBILITY SCHEME
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN ?

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DIARY

Alison Hennegan

Clerkenwell

These days I tend to read with a copy of the *London A-Z* at my elbow. Since The Women's Press changed its cramped Shoreditch offices for our present glory, just off St John Street, almost every book I open seems determined to tell me more about the area which has become our new home. Appropriately, West Smithfield's a few yards south of us. Appropriate, I say, because for much of the 17th century it was the distribution centre of London's book trade. Nice to know we've moved closer to our roots even though Smithfield means carcasses to most people now.

○

Things must be a lot less smelly these days. In one February week of 1861 the local Medical Officer of Health for Clerkenwell reported to the City Commissioners of Sewers that those of his officers responsible for inspecting the slaughterhouses and markets had seized $2\frac{3}{4}$ tons of meat. It was all unfit for human consumption. Most of it was diseased. The week's (human) death rate, he added pointedly, had been up by 30%.

○

I wonder how many of the dead lived in the warren of courts and alleys which stood on or near the site of our present building. Evocative names like Fryingpan Alley and Wilderness Row have vanished from the gazetteers. But Berry Street's still there and, although Little Sutton Street has gone, Great Sutton Street has just had half its face lifted. In the 1860s the area was 'worse than anything in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green', according to John Hollingshead who anatomized *Ragged London in 1861* with passionate and angry detail. Just a few yards to the south-west, in Cow Cross where the London Lesbian and Gay Centre is now, the Earl of Shaftesbury found 3754 people living in 174 houses, 'being an average of six and a half persons to a room'. And five minutes walk away to the west was the ruinous Pear Tree Court — still there, a stone's throw from the *NS* offices — and Red Lion Gardens. Hollingshead found its single-storey, one room cottages replete with every human misery, including a penniless cabman who'd just returned to an utterly destitute family after serving a five day prison sentence. He'd been touting for trade outside the Great Northern Railway Terminus and couldn't pay the fine.

○

With adult life so beset, small wonder that infant life was held so cheap. No one will ever know how many babies were actually killed during the period, but certainly its baby farmers did not strive officiously to keep alive. Babies changed hands regularly for £5 or £10, paid to 'adopters' by mothers who were variously unmarried, or already over-childed, or unable to keep their own infants because wet-nursing other, richer women's babies was the only way they could earn enough money to keep themselves and their older offspring. Many children died within days of sale and were then 'dropped', sometimes sketchily concealed on middens or dust-heaps but as often as not simply left at night on the open pavements. Clerkenwell's record for 'baby dropping' was never as bad as other parts of London (34 from St Pancras, 16 from Islington, 15 from Marylebone, 14 from Paddington and just 4 from Clerkenwell in the year 1865-6, according to Lionel Rose).* Nevertheless, it was in the *Clerkenwell News* of 1868 that Dr Alfred Wiltshire chose to place two classified advertisements which temptingly offered two children 'for sale' at £5 and £10 respectively. He was a Medical Officer of the Privy Council, charged with an undercover investigation into baby farming and his search began there. He received 330 replies. Subsequent enquiries revealed that at least two thirds of the respondents had had distinctly murky motives.

○

After the horrors of direst poverty and epidemic infanticide, it was a relief to encounter the knockings and rappings and scratchings of the Cock Lane Ghost who behaved so quixotically and coyly about half a mile from here and kept most of London,

including Dr Johnson, Horace Walpole and the Lord Mayor, very busy for much of 1762. Was 'Scratching Fanny' really the ghost of the unfortunate Frances Lynes, allegedly poisoned by William Kent, her common-law husband, and unable to rest until her murderer was brought to justice? Or was she the thoroughly corporeal, fourteen-year-old Elizabeth Parsons pulling a fast one under pressure from her very unpleasant, blackmailing father who had a grudge against Kent? Anxious though he always was for proof of life beyond the grave, Dr Johnson, appointed to the official Committee of Enquiry, found against the Ghost, as did Sir Crisp Gascoyne, Lord Mayor of the day. Londoners, initially peeved to have their fun spoilt, carped and moaned, refrained from pelting Parsons in the pillory and passed the hat round for him instead. Later, in calmer and slightly shamefaced mood, the City passed a formal vote of thanks to Gascoyne for this quiet adherence to an unpopular decision.

○

A lucky dip into an 'all at 50p' box outside a second-hand bookshop brought me yet further light relief. W. Pett Ridge's novel, *Mrs Galer's Business* (c 1900), introduced me to a true Clerkenwell heroine. With her drunken brute of a husband fortunately killed by the end of Chapter I, Mrs Galer sets out upon her dizzyingly successful career as Laundress. But not for her a luddite loyalty to the wash-tub. With a mixture of back-breakingly hard work, remarkable astuteness and a mind eagerly open to the wonders of Hi-Tech, she becomes sole proprietor of Clerkenwell's most modern and illustrious stream laundry. Success brings her professional glory, comparative affluence and total rejection by her deeply loved, horrible pig of a son who's grown far too grand, on his mother's money, for the likes of her. She's managed to stop him mixing with those frightful yobs in Bowling Green Lane (just round the corner from the *NS*) and this is her reward. But, as she reflects in the novel's closing lines, 'After all, after all, you know, there's the business.' What an example to us all.

**Massacre of the Innocents: Infanticide in Great Britain 1800-1939*, by Lionel Rose (RKP, £16.95)

ROGER WODDIS

Moderation in all things

'Our paramount duty is to concentrate the minds of South Africa's government . . . We seek moderation there.' — The Daily Telegraph

This is no time to be hasty,
That will only cause despair.
Let us rather use persuasion,
We seek moderation there.

A moderate solution
Is the line we aim to sell
For the benefit of Botha
And the like of Louis Nel.

The only path to follow,
Let us moderately insist,
Is the path of mild repression
With a moderate iron fist.

'Yes' to measures, 'No' to sanctions,
That will only harm the Blacks,
Who at present merely suffer
Moderate bullets in their backs.

There are forty billion reasons
Why their fate is our concern;
All we ask is that our holdings
Yield a moderate return.

We dissent from Dr Johnson,
Who immoderately opined
That the prospect of a hanging
Is what concentrates the mind.

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Liz Taylor testifies before a US Senate sub-committee, pleading for more money for Aids research

AP

DRACONIAN LAW OR HUMAN DECENCIES

Responding to an earlier (in itself belated) request from President Reagan, the Harvard School of Public Health has just submitted to the American government a still-confidential set of recommendations on further steps that could be taken to contain Aids. LARRY GOSTIN, formerly general secretary of our own National Council for Civil Liberties, is senior fellow in health law at the School and took part in the preparation of the report

AIDS IS NOW the US government's highest health priority. More than 20,000 cases of Aids have been reported, with estimates that one to two million people may be infected with the Aids related virus. Recent research at Harvard suggests that as high as 40-50 per cent of those infected may suffer serious illness within the next five years. The cumulative number of cases and carriers is expected to nearly double during the next year.

The predicted increase in cases and carriers has changed the atmosphere of public policy debate in the US. There is mounting pressure on the government to consider compulsory infection-control strategies such as screening, contact tracing and quarantine. The US government has asked my group at the Harvard University School of Public Health to make legal and policy recommendations that might help contain the spread of Aids.

Our report has been presented to the Federal Government and though I'm not at liberty to disclose its contents before publication, I can describe some of the legislation being considered throughout America.

Now that the technology is available to test a person's blood to determine whether he or she has produced antibodies (is 'antibody-positive') to the Aids virus (HTLV-3 or, moving into wider use outside America, HIV), the US Centre for Disease Control in Atlanta has recently recommended that *all* gays, intravenous drug users, haemophiliacs and other 'high risk' groups be tested. This has been strongly resisted because of the fear that test results will become known and the antibody positive, though infectious only by exchange of body-fluids, may lose their jobs, flats, health or life insurance. Already the test for Aids antibodies is compulsorily administered to all US military personnel. Homosexuality remains illegal in the US Armed Forces, so, unsurprisingly, anyone testing positive is dismissed. Further employment, housing etc following dismissal in such circumstances is naturally likely to be exceptionally hard to find.

The US government is about to issue regulations requiring the Aids antibody test to be administered to any person seeking to immigrate to America — ironically, for it is the United States itself which is supposed by most nations (other than African) to have exported the disease globally since the first case was reported in America in 1981. Some US government officials are also informally considering whether to extend use of the test more widely to include, for example, State Department officers and defence and other US contractors working abroad.

The Aids antibody test is also being used in compulsory screening programmes in the majority of prisons in the US. Many prisons segregate all prisoners with Aids (and some also those with the Aids virus) sometimes in barely adequate conditions. The use of the test in prisons and the segregation of prisoners are currently being challenged in the courts, prison officials defending compulsory screening as a preventative of the transfer of Aids by rape of prisoners or through illicit 'needle-sharing' use of drugs. Prisons in major cities like New York today have such high proportions of Aids carriers that the end of the road could be the setting up of 'Aids colonies'.

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In any case, rape of a prisoner is a horrific occurrence. It would better protect the health and rights of all prisoners if more resources were devoted to preventing sexual assaults in prison than by widespread screening and segregation of prisoners.

Many individual State legislatures are now considering expansion of the use of the compulsory Aids antibody tests, including: before marriage; for women considering childbirth; for prostitutes; and for persons being tested at clinics for sexually transmitted diseases or drug dependency. The use of the test on a compulsory basis could have serious consequences for the rights and privacy of people in 'high risk' groups. More importantly, it would in my view be highly counterproductive as a public health measure. The result of an American programme of compulsory testing or screening would be that people in 'risk groups' would be driven underground — discouraged from heeding public health advice, and from seeking treatment for sexually transmitted diseases or drug-dependency.

THE FEAR OF AIDS and the temptation to make patients outcasts has had a profound impact on American society. Thus far the courts have prevented the worst forms of repression. School boards in New York City, Indiana, New Jersey and California have tried to keep children with Aids from school, though exclusion of the children has no public health benefit since the disease is not transmitted through casual contact. It is also a form of discrimination against disabled people, prohibited by US law. Two courts have already over-ruled the school-boards. The US Supreme Court has agreed to hear a test case.

Other States have been considering 'second contact' tracing, used for venereal diseases, and entailing investigation by public health officials of all past and current sexual partners of a carrier. For my part I support testing and notification of sexual partners on a voluntary basis as must anyone concerned with this disease's containment. But used on a compulsory basis there would be wholesale violations of civil rights and probable discouragement of any future co-operation from within the gay community and from drug abusers.

The US government specifically asked us at Harvard to advise on the possible quarantine or isolation of Aids patients. Already this has been used, on at least one occasion, in Great Britain. Isolation of individuals does not go to the heart of the matter, for it can only randomly victimise a few people among the million or more who are carriers. More general use of isolation, currently being advocated by the *American Spectator*, would have chilling consequences. The sheer number of carriers of the Aids virus would make a quarantine wholly unmanageable, and persons with the Aids virus may be infectious for life: a quarantine might be a life sentence.

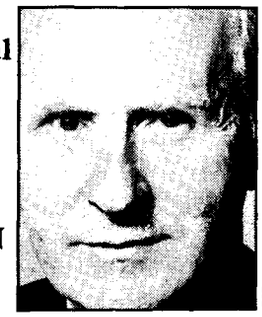
It is doubtful that any American State will in the end seek to impose quarantine on carriers *as* carriers, except as an extreme measure. It was considered in Texas recently in the case of a man with Aids who intentionally and continuously engaged in prostitution after diagnosis, posing a serious risk to the community. A more immediate and already very real concern of organised gays in America is that HIV-positive status will result in the individuals being denied health insurance. Insurance companies are already claiming the right to exclude people on the basis of a positive Aids antibody test. Aids patients without health insurance must pauperise themselves in order to obtain health care from the government under the Medicaid programme. The spectre of the people who most need it being denied health insurance is probably the most tragic Aids-related sign of an inhumane society.

The frightening toll of Aids on health and civil liberties in America will only be compounded if the number of cases increases geometrically year by year. Of course it is not simply an American problem but a global pandemic. The World Health Organisation has asked my group at Harvard to proceed to a worldwide survey of Aids law and policy. Our objective will be to devise solutions to slow the spread of the disease, while best protecting civil liberties. This is no simple task when the toll on young lives is doubling each year, and the pressures to do something about it are becoming increasingly difficult to resist. □

ACTION ON S AFRICA

DON'T BUY APARTHEID

The government's moral credibility over sanctions is in shreds. DENIS HERBSTEIN on what can be done



UPP

ANTHONY PERRINOTT Lysberg Barber (above), Lord Barber of Wentbridge, once Chairman of the Conservative Party and a Heathite Chancellor of the Exchequer, was for 12 years boss of Standard Chartered Bank. As its subsidiary, Standard Bank of SA, is the second largest British company in South Africa, Lord Barber attended many board meetings in Johannesburg, and no doubt made the occasional foray into one of the scores of branches dotted strategically across the sunny land. But he never went into the townships.

Then, last November, Mrs Thatcher made him an 'Eminent Person', who would dutifully safeguard her interests among that tiresome band of do-gooders interfering in President Botha's domestic affairs. So, for the first time, he went into a home in Soweto, saw with his own eyes the horrors of shanty towns in Cape Town, had explained to him the spider's web of laws that govern the lives of Blacks.

When he talked to Nelson Mandela in his prison cell it was, by all accounts, a salutary experience, a 'rude shock for Tony' (according to a friend), to discover the facts of Black people's existence. So much so that this pillar of Toryism now endorses far-reaching 'measures' to persuade Afrikanerdom to change its ways.

One unspoken message of the Eminent Persons report is that the expatriate MDs, chairpersons, directors, information chiefs, heads of marketing and labour representing the 300-plus British companies down there — not to mention the German, French, American and Japanese companies — have never made it their business to find out what apartheid means.

Yet whatever the Eminent Persons recommend, and whatever the Commonwealth or lesser fry in Europe want, Thatcher will no doubt only increase pressure in dribs and drabs, so that the 'measures' will always be running a couple of steps behind the worsening events, too little too late.

The few sanctions which have been implemented have bitten. President Botha admitted recently that over the last decade the semi-official oil producers boycott, to which Britain adheres, has cost South Africa 22 billion rand buying oil from 'gangster' international oil brokers over the market price. That is about the size of the foreign debt South Africa was trying to negotiate last autumn. The irony of course, is that the British government has agreed to oil sanctions because it can easily sell oil elsewhere — it doesn't harm the British economy. This gives lie to Mrs Thatcher's claim that it's South African Blacks she is trying to protect by refusing sanctions.

The United Kingdom South Africa Trade Association claims that 250,000 British workers are liable to lose their jobs in the wake of sanctions. Of these, it says, 180,000 are jobs affected by ending the import of 'strategic' minerals like manganese, chromium, vanadium, titanium, platinum. The remaining 80,000 have been tagged on because of the conclusions of a survey by Witwatersrand University and seem to imply a great deal of double counting. What the Association fails to take into account is that the West has been stockpiling minerals against any such eventuality and industry would not, therefore, grind to a halt.

Meanwhile, Britain is already benefitting by hundreds of millions of pounds through illegal money smuggled out of South Africa over the years. It is an old habit — a former State President Dr Diedericks had a bank account in Switzerland. Parts of north London are already overcrowded with well-heeled refugees. Most insiduously, South African companies are buying into Britain. Barlow Rand, one of the Big Five, acquired Bibby's, an animal feeds firm, while Kersaf (a combination of Sol Kerzner, the Sun City boss, and Safmarine, the state-owned shipping company) recently acquired Kunick Leisure, a small entertainments group.

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Up until barely a year ago British investment in South Africa was going ahead seemingly unaffected by the deepening crisis. Indeed, Colin Brant, who doubles as the British consul-general in Johannesburg and director of British Trade Promotion in South Africa, declared last year that 'far from being discouraged by the political and economic difficulties', UK firms should take the present opportunity to work up full sales potential in South Africa.

The UK South Africa Trade Association — which seems to be the only organisation in Britain which compiles figures on British investment in South Africa — says that in 1981 the current market value of British investment was £12 billion — a third of all foreign investment in South Africa. Last year, however, it was only worth £6 billion. The Association ascribes that change to a fall in the value of the rand giving a false impression of figures. The few British firms which withdrew did so because of the commercial risk.

SANCTIONS ARE not the only weapon, not even the foremost, which will bring about non-racial rule. But they are a vital part of a patchwork which includes the liberation struggle in its various armed and pacific forms, diplomatic pressure and the flight of whites with no stomach for the battle.

Apart from putting on pressure for government sanctions, individuals can continue to keep their eyes open in the retail world; and that doesn't just mean no Cape fruit. Britain takes about a sixth of South Africa's £725 million fresh and canned produce exports (West Germany is the largest importer in Europe). If this is to be a first, grudging, Common Market measure, it needs to be enforced. A major stumbling block is that EEC regulations ask only that a manufactuer's address — and not the country of origin of the produce — be stated on the tin. Which means that *all* imports of a US-owned multinational which used South African produce, for example, would have to be boycotted.

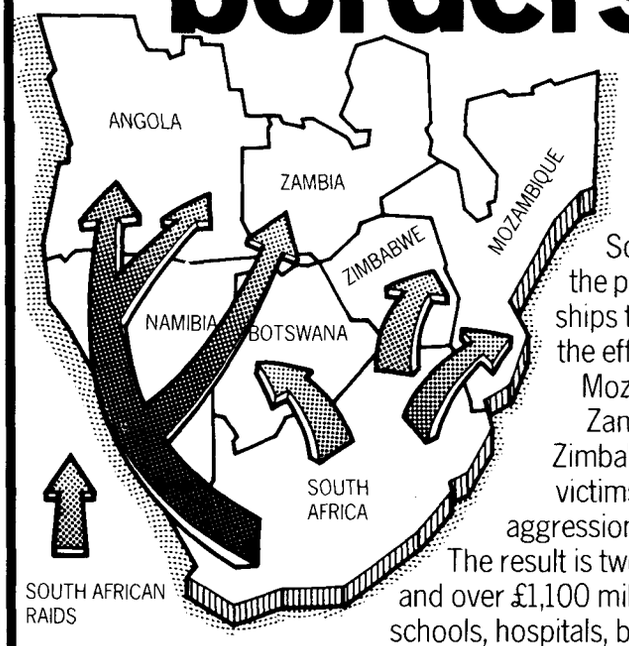
The Anti-Apartheid Movement reports that Safeways, International Stores and Gateways (one chain), Waitrose, Marks and Spencer, and John Low in Scotland are 'intransigent', whereas Tesco's, Sainsbury's, Prestos and Fine Fare are reducing reliance on apartheid fruit or at least guaranteeing alternative sources. Small greengrocers stock a wide variety and are susceptible to consumer pressure.

There are reports of cunning ploys. Unmarked oranges, or citrus stamped *Goldlands*, should raise eyebrows. Pineapples appearing at New Covent Garden Market under the very English label of *Shelford* may hail from the eastern Cape Province. And John West, Del Monte, Libby's and other international labels use a lot of South African produce.

These are other labels to avoid: (fresh fruit) Cape, Outspan, Golden Jubilee; (canned fruit and veg) Gold Reef, IXL, Koo, Silver Leaf, Goddess, S & B, Gants, Turban; (canned meat) Apex, Armour Star, Union, S & B. Bottles of wines, sherry and spirits — unlike *tinned food* — must state where the contents were produced on the label.

High quality clothing as well as a great deal

Apartheid knows no borders.



This month marks the tenth anniversary of the Soweto uprising. Since Soweto it's not only the people of the townships that have suffered the effects of apartheid. Mozambique, Angola, Zambia, Namibia and Zimbabwe have all been victims of South African aggression.

The result is two million refugees and over £1,100 million in damage to schools, hospitals, bridges, roads and homes. War on Want is active in all these frontline states organising emergency relief work or setting up development projects. To be effective in relieving the suffering apartheid causes we need your financial help.

Give part of your wage to wage war on want. Now.

Please send this form to Room 14B, W.O.W. Campaigns, FREEPOST, 1 London Bridge St., London SE1 9UT.

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of knitwear and fabrics at the cheaper end of the market are also coming into Britain from South Africa. There is every reason to believe that Israel is being used as a staging post for the relabelling of apartheid goods. The best-known name is *Rex Trueform*, with its women's wear marketed under the labels *Pat Shub* and *'Miss Cassidy'*. So far Hepworths have promised that their women's fashion chain *Next* will phase out South African clothes. The Co-op have a national 'won't stock' policy and the effect is filtering down. British Home Stores, Littlewoods, Argos and Harris Queensway have also undertaken to discontinue Springbok lines. On the Anti-Apartheid list of 'instransigents' are Austin Reed, Harrods and Country Casuals which sells women's wear, sometimes inside John Lewis stores.

All of which is peanuts compared with the gold, uranium, coal and other precious and bulk minerals which find their way here, sometimes via a circuitous route. But as a former South African prime minister, John Vorster said, 'Every South African product bought is a brick in the wall of apartheid.' □

See also Peter Kellner, page 9

LEFT REFLECTIONS

GREENS GALVANISE EUROLEFT

European co-operation and a non-NATO security strategy are part of the new mood, reports JOHN PALMER

DEVELOPING TENSIONS within the Atlantic Alliance and growing pessimism about the likelihood of an early solution to Europe's jobs crisis is triggering the most far reaching rethink of strategy by the European Left since the late 1940s. From the radical 'green' Left, through the main Euro-Communist organisations to most of the established social democratic parties there is a common realisation that many of the assumptions about political strategy held over the past quarter of a century have now been undermined.

This mood of traditional paths now being blocked off was reflected at a conference near Lyons last week organised by leading figures in the French Socialist Pary around the magazine *Politique Aujourd'hui*, attended by a broad range of Left parties and groups from more than a dozen countries. It also permeated the European Nuclear Disarmament conference at Evry, near Paris a few days earlier (see News, *NS* 13 June).

While there was a consensus that the wave of radical right wing 'Thatcherism' had almost certainly peaked, there was precious little confidence that time alone would secure election victory for the Western European Left parties. The Dutch Labour Party representatives at the Lyons conference were, for example, quick to point out the unexpected success of the right/centrist Christian Democrats at the recent general election.

The picture is similar in neighbouring Belgium, in spite of the still-running near general strike of both Flemish and Walloon trade unions over the coalition government's threats to impose massive and unprecedented cuts in welfare spending. The social democrats grip on power in Austria, Norway and Sweden is precarious (all the more so because even in these strongholds of social Keynesianism the engines of economic growth are failing.

In Denmark the social democrats seem likely to form a coalition with the smaller Peoples' and Left Socialist Parties after the next election, but Danish socialists feel the left-wing parties will be very vulnerable if they cannot offer a more convincing counter to the capitalist growth crisis, beyond a defence of the welfare status quo. In West Germany the picture is less bleak — thanks to the radicalising influence of the Green movement — but the current policy rethinking has yet to be fully taken on board by the wider labour movement.

IN SOUTHERN Europe, meanwhile, the French socialists remains paralysed in an ideological time warp which makes it virtually impossible to challenge the party's economic and nuclear defence dogmas. The French Communist Party seems close to disintegration but without, so far, having spawned any significant offspring willing to rethink the fundamental causes of the party's disastrous and protracted decline.

In Italy hope of anything resembling socialist thought coming out of either the Socialist Party or the social democrats seems utopian. The recent conference of the Communist Party (PCI) did see a number of sharp debates on issues such as NATO, nuclear power and an economic recovery strategy but with the dominant factions of the PCI leadership taking positions notably to the right of current mainstream thinking among West German social democrats (SDP). However in a development which would have been unthinkable ten years ago, there is now regular contact between the German SPD and the PCI, as evidenced in the dialogue between Peter Glotz and Achile Ochetto, published in the *New Statesman* this year.

In Spain the lurch to the right of the socialists under Felipe Gonzalez has at last stimulated the beginnings of a Left socialist regroupment which has been encouraged by the very large NO vote in the NATO referendum. But again nothing positive has emerged from the fragmentation of the Communist Party which would stimulate the process.

At both Evry and Lyons the majority view (apart from the French socialists and Italian communists) was that Europeans now have to press for massive changes in NATO strategy, ranging from a 'no first use' decision on nuclear weapons to US withdrawal. But there were substantial minorities in some Labour and Communist Parties (as well as the Greens and radical Leftists) arguing for outright withdrawal from NATO and a non-nuclear European security policy. There was a great deal of interest in the British Labour Party's promises to remove all nuclear weapons and US nuclear bases but some scepictism about whether Labour would resist 'nationalist' pressure from the SDP and the old guard Labour Right to prolong Polaris.

ON THE CENTRAL economic questions there was an even sharper difference between the approach of the 'northern' and 'southern' Left parties.

While improved welfare reforms — often of a basic kind — are at the centre of the political agenda in Portugal, Spain, Greece, Italy and to an extent in Britain and France, in Holland and Scandinavia the Left parties are concerned with defending what they have already achieved from increasingly strong attacks from the radical right.

There was very little optimism that conventional reflationary economic policies could do much to reduce unemployment or resolve the almost universal fiscal crisis of the western Europe welfare state budgets. While some parties have attempted strategies based on 'reducing expectations' this (as illustrated in The Netherlands) seems only to guarantee victory for the centre Right over the 'Thatcherite' Right.

The near universal assumption was that the Western European Left parties now have no serious option but to concert their strategies on a European-wide basis. At Lyons there was surprising support for the notion that while urging a global recovery strategy (focussed in part on redistribution to and reconstruction in the Third World) Europe might have to partly cut adrift from the rest of the industrialised capitalist world because it could not match Pacific Rim or North American productivity levels without a reversion to near Dickensian conditions in industry.

Ironically, this scenario might enable the British Labour Party to secure some of the import controls envisaged in the pre-1983 Alternative Economic Strategy but thus far British input into the Western European Left economic debate has been far less developed than its contribution to the defence debate. But there is great European interest in the UK labour movement, especially in left wing local authority pioneered ideas such as socially useful production, popular planning and human-centred technologies.

To date the German Greens — whose thinking has evolved far beyond their early 'anti industrial' opposition to all kinds of economic growth — are setting the pace on this as on so many other issues.

The Greens, socialist feminists and the more radical wings of the European trade union movement, are forcing a rethink of economic strategy including both new, democratic and decentralised forms of social ownership and industrial democracy.

Thanks in measure to the Green influence, many German socialists now also predict that the SPD, of all parties, is heading for a non-aligned foreign and non-nuclear defence policy which would spell the beginning of the end for NATO as we know it. □

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LETTERS

Withers on the Wapping line

Michael Downing, Stevenage, Herts.

Labour Party members in Stevenage (where Malcolm Withers is prospective Parliamentary candidate) will no doubt be relieved to see that he has finally decided not to cross the Wapping picket lines. Many will be irritated that he still feels it necessary to go on attacking the printworkers. His comments in the *New Statesman* (13 June) were comparatively restrained. At party meetings here he has compared them to the Notts UDM.

One point remains puzzling in Malcolm Withers's explanation of ballots and the 1984 Act. If the law was an insuperable obstacle to observing picket lines before a proper ballot why did he advise *Sun* journalists not to move to Wapping?

It may be that, as James Maxton once put it, 'If you can't ride two horses at once you shouldn't be in the bloody circus', but attempting to ride three or four at a time is going too far.

It is because Malcolm Withers has gone too far outside the bounds of political morality that many Labour supporters in Stevenage have made it clear that they will be giving no active support to the local party at the general election.

Greg Neale, formerly NUJ Father of Chapel, Times

Contrary to the claim made above his article, '*Sun* loses its lustre for journos', Malcolm Withers is *not* 'the first . . . *Sun* journalist to refuse to cross the Wapping picket line.'

Six *Sun* journalists refused to go to Wapping when their editor gave them the ultimatum, 20 weeks ago, and were sacked when they insisted, instead, on reporting to their normal place of work. They are Eric Butler, Ian Blunt, Olly Duke, Miles Hedley, John Hill and Mike Topp. It would be wrong for their principled stand — as well as that taken by a number of regular *Sun* freelances who resisted the ultimatum — to be forgotten.

Twelve other journalists, from *The Times, The Sunday Times* and the *News of the World,* have also been dismissed, and others are likely to be sacked shortly, for standing up for their union, their conscience, their print union colleagues and their journalistic integrity.

To date, 108 journalists, staff and freelance, have either refused to go to Wapping, have subsequently come out and honoured the picket line, or have resigned and accepted other jobs, a mark of the evident dissatisfaction behind the barbed wire.

We welcome Malcolm Withers's decision and hope that more Wapping journalists will now make the same move, not just in defence of their sacked colleagues — shamefully ignored in the *Sun* vote to accept a 10 per cent pay rise — but also to help bring about a swift and honourable end to the Wapping dispute.

While differences did exist between journalists and printers before the dispute — differences of attitude, union organisation, practice and perception that must be recognised and resolved if further 'Wappings' are to be avoided — the dispute's origins presented journalists with clear, if painful choices. Rupert Murdoch's management deliberately manoeuvred the print unions into striking by seeking to impose humiliating conditions for employment and union membership. Once they struck, so did he — sacking them without compensation and then telling journalists that the papers would be moved, with or without them, to the Wapping plant that had been secretly made ready.

The journalists who have refused to cross the picket line at Wapping have not been objecting to new technology *per se,* nor to a change of workplace. Instead, we have been protesting at an assault on our trade union rights, on the journalistic integrity of our newspapers (and, incidentally, our editors), and on the livelihoods of 5,500 of our fellow workers.

How I knew Pik Botha

Fleur de Villiers, London SW1

Mr Herbstein errs (*NS* 6 June) when he invents a short career for me as a 'junior diplomat in the South African Department of Foreign Affairs'. I spent a little less than two years as librarian in the Department on leaving university 28 years ago, before my dislike of Nationalist Government policies and my desire to be a journalist induced me to resign and join the editorial staff of an opposition newspaper.

My acquaintance with South African Foreign Minister Pik Botha is of a much more recent date when, like all efficient parliamentary correspondents, I made it my business to get to know all the members of the South African cabinet. I doubt whether I was ever tainted by this acquaintance. If Mr Herbstein had taken the trouble to read any of my political columns through the years he would have discovered that my opposition to apartheid has never wavered, but has been strenuous, outspoken and consistent.

In 1983 the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, of which I am Assistant (not Political) Editor, despite its consistent opposition to the Nationalist government's racial policies, came out in favour of a yes vote in the white referendum on the new constitution. It did so, not because it supported the new constitution which I, for one, described in print as 'unlovely, deeply flawed and a possible recipe for conflict', but because it believed it was the only way to break the logjam in South African politics, that the political momentum thus created would lead quickly and inevitably to a consideration of the overriding issue in South Africa: Black political rights.

Artsearch

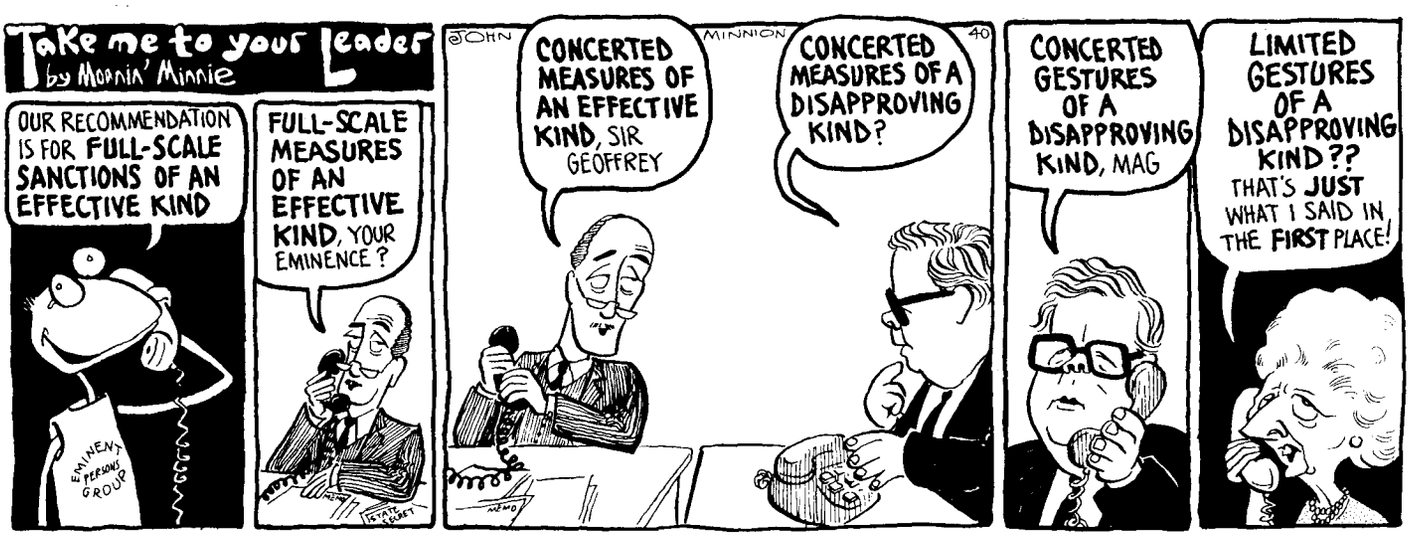
Malcolm Griffiths, Nottingham

Naseem Khan's opportune support for Rose Bruford Drama College in Sidcup (*NS* 23 May) recognises the important pioneering work undertaken by its Community Theatre Arts course which could be wiped out if the National Advisory Body's recommendation is implemented.

However, Ms Khan wrongly implies some in-built prejudice against the Community Theatre Arts course within Higher Education.

My second criticism is more general and touches on the whole arts coverage provided by you. Why must you go on pretending that the only place anything even happens in is London? The kind of community-centred work Ms Khan rightly praises at Rose Bruford is undertaken extensively in other courses throughout the country.

If she had been in Nottingham recently she could have joined us in seeing a show on sex education devised and presented by some of our Final Year Theatre Design students in local Comprehensive schools. If she was here on Wednesday she could join in the culminative event of a month-long project in a local Primary school involving 26 of its pupils and 26 Theatre Design students. Theatre courses do not just prepare students for the 'elitist' theatre she decries. Many provide an education in and through theatre which extends far beyond a narrow professional training. And many of these are outside London. As a regular reader I find your 'little Londoner' attitude to the arts a little irksome.


Take me to your Leader
by Mornin' Minnie
OUR RECOMMENDATION IS FOR FULL-SCALE SANCTIONS OF AN EFFECTIVE KIND
EMINENT PERSONS GROUP
FULL-SCALE MEASURES OF AN EFFECTIVE KIND, YOUR EMINENCE?
JOHN MINNION
CONCERTED MEASURES OF AN EFFECTIVE KIND, SIR GEOFFREY
CONCERTED MEASURES OF A DISAPPROVING KIND?
40
CONCERTED GESTURES OF A DISAPPROVING KIND, MAG
LIMITED GESTURES OF A DISAPPROVING KIND??
THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAID IN THE FIRST PLACE!

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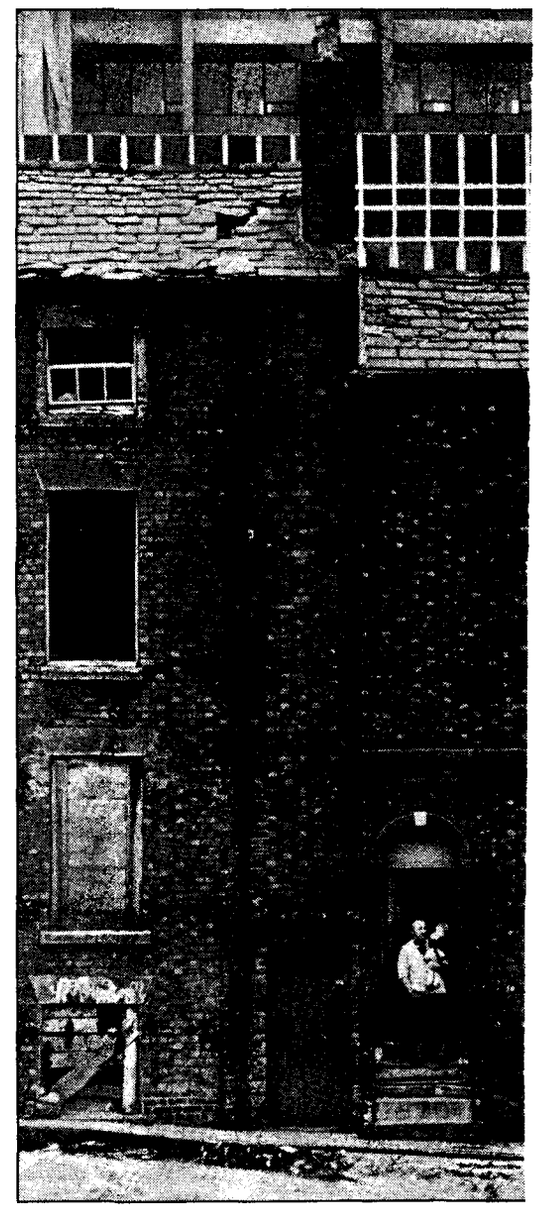
CORRUPTION BY INEQUALITY

Why all this fuss about rich and poor? After all, it's only money, and all but the meek can make it. In fact writes BEN PIMLOTT — who put this argument in a Fabian debate with Roger Scruton — from such inequalities flow values and practices which corrupt our society*



'All animals are equal', declared the pigs in *Animal Farm* 'but some are more equal than others'.

For the ideologists of the new right, the aphorism is strikingly similar. In effect, they say: 'All men and women are born with equal liberty. The fact that some, or most, have little chance of using it, is a matter of no significance'. The so-called philosophy of the so-called new right needs summary treatment. It dignifies a shallow doctrine, based on prejudice and ignorant aloofness, to treat it seriously. Indeed, there is not much more to be said that has not been shown by the march of events: the fashion of the late seventies and the early eighties is mercifully the fashion no more.

What a strange, historically freakish phase it was, and how uncharacteristic of our political enemy. Through most of its stolid and immobile history, the Conservatives have prided themselves on being the stupid party, with a mulish suspicion of intellectuals of whom, indeed, they possessed very few.

Then, like a pentecostal awakening, there arrived from Chicago an ancient doctrine of economic liberalism, dressed in authoritarian political clothes and garnished with the rhetoric of bar-room populism. Such a doctrine was soaked up, not by traditional Conservatives, with some roots in our society and culture, but by outsiders, many of whom, to judge by some new right publications, were like Mephistopheles and Beelzebub, fallen angels who had previously espoused a different faith. For several years this strange antiquated religion has held the Conservative leadership in its sway.

British Conservatives have never been the party of compassion, but it is a long time since they have shown less pity for the unfortunate, more unconstrained contempt for the weak, or greater distaste for the needy. Much of this has been in the name of the doctrine and ideology of inequality which the new right espouses and which, if I understand them correctly, is supposed to lead the nation, and the people who make it up, to greater prosperity.

It is not for me to lecture Conservatives on putting their own house in order. In a way, the collapse of the right may have some benefits for society. But one clear moral which some of them are beginning to perceive is that ideological, doctrinal politics, narrowly conceived and often conceived in a foreign context, is best avoided. It is always a mistake to allow philosophic panaceas to over-ride common sense, and to erode our innate sense of right and wrong.

Which brings me to equality. The case for equality is not based on efficiency, though such a case can be made. It is based, rather, on practicality and on morality.

My starting point is a belief that a society in which the differences of knowledge, education, enjoyment, access to sport, leisure, culture, freedom of expression, health care — a society in which such differences were less than they are today, would be a happier and a better society, not only for those at the bottom of the pile who might directly benefit, but for all members of society.

I would like to argue not merely that equality, or greater equality, is good, but that large inequalities are *evil*, and, further, that if we abandon the aim of reducing them,

*Ben Pimlott is Reader in Politics and Contemporary History of Birkbeck College, University of London.

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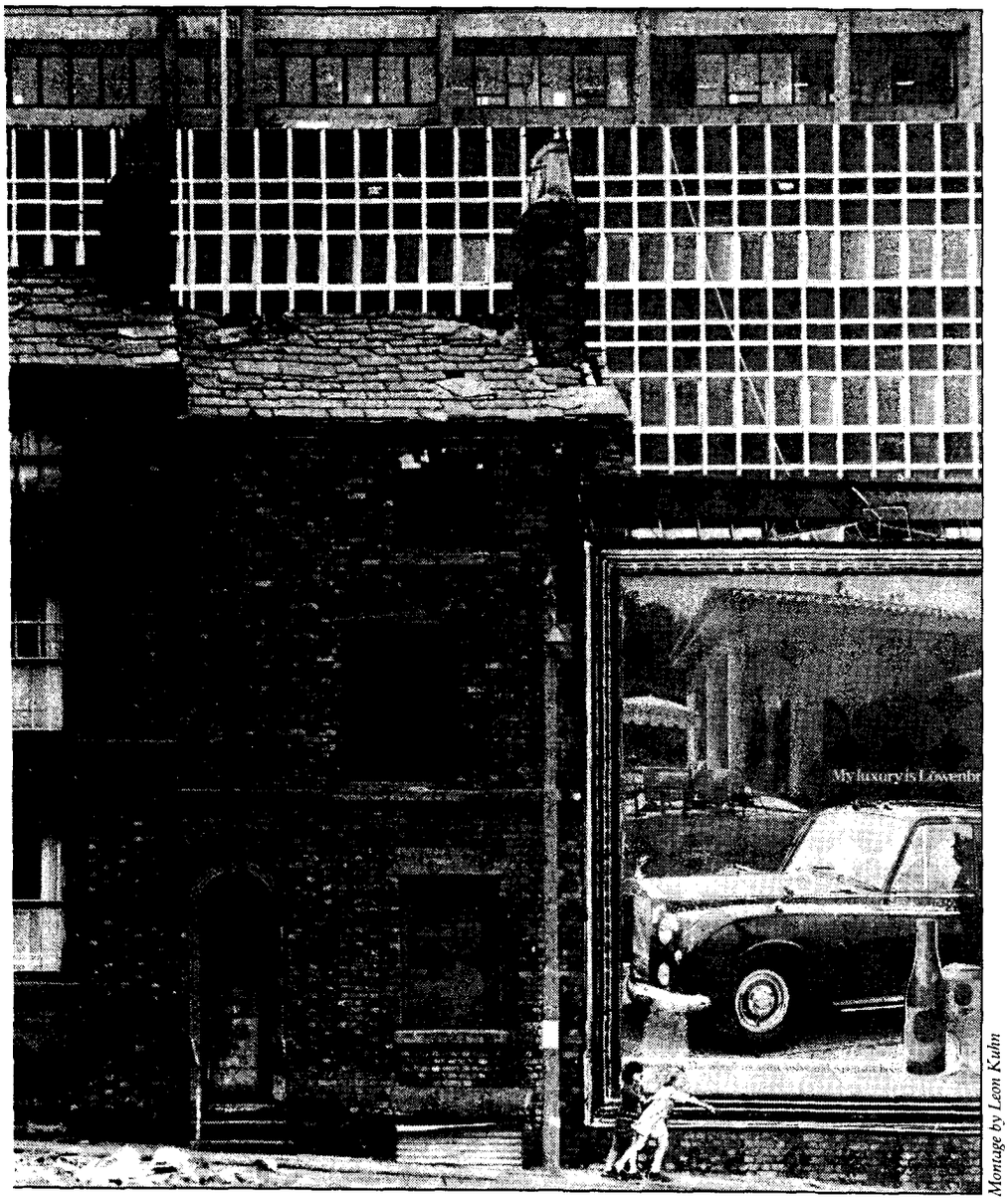
we open a hornets' nest of other evils as well.

We need, first, to talk about language, and the avoidance of abstraction. The new right, scourge of academic sociology, is an enemy of abstraction in the fields of inquiry which it dislikes. Abstractions, however, are not merely Latin polysyllables. They also include English words, in common parlance which are used by the new Conservatives as tidy shorthand for things about which they either know little or find it indelicate to discuss.

Thus, when the new right speaks of the 'rich' and 'the poor' the terms have a homely, even slightly romantic sound, as of noble lords and forelock-tugging yeomen. Thus conceived, and especially by the free marketeers, the rich and the poor are equal in every respect except their comparative wealth: equally free, in principle, to make or lose their fortunes. Or if not so free, *vive la différence* — what does money matter anyway!

Sir Keith Joseph and Jonathan Sumption in their slim and simply written book *Equality* — how dreadfully appropriate, by the way, that the Conservatives' leading philosophical opponent of equality should have presided as Secretary of State over a virtual destruction of the education system, enormously reducing the life chances of hundreds of thousands of children — in their book, the authors begin by telling us that traditionally those who believed that the proper function of the State was to distribute wealth, used this view to justify redistribution not in favour of the poor, but in favour of the rich and powerful. 'Robert Walpole, for example', they tell us, 'regarded it as self-evident that the main burden of taxation should fall upon the poor'.

The implication, with a sneer, is that the poor are pretty lucky to get away with mere non-interference. The sneer is characteristic of such new right work.



Montage by Leon Kuhn

'Rich' and 'poor', however, are not fairy story characters, nor are they angels to dance on the end of a philosophical pin. Do not let us bother much with the rich, who differ from the rest of us, as Ernest Hemingway said in reply to Scott Fitzgerald, in that they have more money. Even before the present Government took office, one per cent of the population owned 25 per cent of total marketable wealth, and 20 per cent owned three-quarters leaving a quarter of our wealth for the remaining 80. Such figures are not important in themselves, but they make the point that the rich are still very rich, and also that they are dangerous. As Tawney put it, 'the plutocracy consists of agreeable, astute, forcible, self-confident and, when hard-pressed, unscrupulous people', and we should not forget it.

The power of the rich, directly through what they own, indirectly through the patronage they bestow, their collective and self-interested *esprit de corps*, and their influence on institutional and corporate life, and on the mass media — a power and influence quite disproportionate to their numbers — is one reason in itself for narrowing the gap between this culturally isolated minority and the majority.

The rich are dangerous. Otherwise, however, they are of little interest: it is the poor who concern us much more greatly. And it is here that the abstractions of the new right become reminiscent, not of the jargon of the technical language which they affect to despise, but of the tidying of language which turned 'mass murder' into 'final solution' or 'overkill'.

Who are the poor? That is a debate in itself. Evidently there is no single definition of poverty, and the categories that fit into any definition are varied. Very few of them, however, walk tall. Most are deprived, not just in adulthood, but from birth. Many suffer physical, mental or emotional disabilities which are not their responsibility, which they cannot easily cure, at least by themselves, and which make nonsense of any simple application of theoretical or legal freedom. The poor include the worst educated, the genetically malformed, the plain unlucky.

This is the residuum of poverty, to which there has been added in recent years a new layer of the new poor: young people, older people, people with unmarketable skills, able-bodied and available for work, but unable to find it. Almost everybody in both groups is poor, not through individual moral failing, but through misfortune and the nature of the society in which they live. To dismiss their poverty as of no concern to the rest of us because of an equality of formal rights is not merely brutal and inhumane. It is absurd and contradictory.

Yet this, implicitly, has been the policy of the present Government which — like Robert Walpole — has believed in, and

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achieved, a large-scale redistribution in favour of the rich. Anyone who doubts that the present contrast between a booming property and stock market in London, and the languishing of industry in the provinces, flows from the philosophy and complacency of modern Conservatism need only turn to the Joseph/Sumption blueprint for the divisive future:

> The property boom which occurred in Britain in the early 1970s is most instructive . . . its most noticeable symptom was that a relatively large number of the people, mostly young men, made exceptionally large sums very quickly by speculating in land . . .
> The feelings of those who had not made fortunes consisted not so much of moral outrage as of *concealed admiration* and *self-reproach*.

The admiration of the authors, it should be said, is unconcealed, as if their contempt for the rest of us who through 'timidity' (their word) did not join in.

Envy, in the Joseph/Sumption view — echoed by many new rightists — is the main explanation for left-wing objections to what Edward Heath called the unacceptable face of capitalism. We object, because we wish we were so clever and so lucky.

Let us consider envy. In this argument, it may be a two-edged weapon. Possibly, indeed probably, those who make money very fast and very easily are subject to envy. Class hostility, in the real world, is fuelled by resentment in which envy plays a part. Even within the working class, economic envy is a potent factor — as, perhaps, in the winter of discontent which preceded the return of the Tories in 1979, and in which the unions made war on the Labour Government's laudable though ill-judged target of greater equality.

But to say that the objections to something derive from envy, does not force us to condone the thing envied. Successful warlords, international bullies, brutal dictators, are often envied. That does not mean we should condone war, aggression, tyranny.

The objection to uncontrolled opportunities for the sharp-eyed and the greedy to enrich themselves with minimum effort and skill; the objection to unremarkable and frequently unenergetic individuals gaining large fortunes through the lottery of inheritance, is not that we resent them for being richer than we are. Envy is a feeling that is likely to be combined with a knowledge that unearned wealth and peace of mind do not often go together. The objection is first to a grotesque and widely-perceived unfairness, in a society which likes to see a relationship between skill, effort, loyalty, service and material reward. Second, it is to the unjustifiable waste of resources — in our post-industrial society, the likelihood of money and profits being invested in productive enterprise is low. And third it is that it mocks, insults and corrupts the values which we feel to be civilised.

If Joseph is right, and I fear he may be, and those who fleece each other and the public for huge sums are often admired and envied, that surely is an argument, not for encouraging such activities, but for stopping them. Are *these* the models we seek in our society? Is it desirable to glamourise the limited skills of the market-place, in contrast to the real skills of nurses and teachers, not to mention the welders and the textile workers who, in Joseph's words, are 'too timid' to engage in such transactions?

I do not think it is envy which makes me say that society is better if it admires craftsmen, social workers, coal miners, more than the 'success' achieved by profit-taking bond holders or estate agents. Of course, men like Professor Scruton or Sir Keith Joseph may have different values. If so, I do not envy them for that, either.

We need to deal with the rich, because it is unfair and perceived to be unfair, that some should gain and waste resources while others suffer. But there is also another aspect. I began by presenting the simple dichotomy offered by the new right — the rich and the poor, the castle and the gate. Evidently, however, there is no simple duo, and wedged between the obviously needy and the obvious wasteful is a large category, possibly the majority, with average or only slightly above average incomes and little capital, apart from the house they may own. If, by equality, we mean more than utilitarianism, if we place at a premium the requirements of those who suffer most, we have to persuade and induce the centre group of ordinary citizens to accept less.

One of the arguments of the new right is that such a thing is not possible. The citizen in the street, they say, is as greedy and grasping as any top-hatted capitalist, and will not thank you for taking from him. And, indeed, there is powerful evidence to support that view. It has been the startling achievement of this government to produce a divided society, not principally by enriching the very rich, but by improving the lot of the working majority at the expense of the low paid and the growing body of the unemployed.

After the first years of Mrs Thatcher's government, nobody *at all* envisaged a trebling of already high unemployment *and* a Conservative victory. One explanation was, of course, the Falklands war; another was the shambles of the Labour Party. But a third was Mrs Thatcher's discovery of how to beat the democratic system: by being utilitarian, not egalitarian. Previous Prime Ministers wooed the whole nation. Mrs Thatcher realised that to win, all you need is to woo most of it. To understand the last election we need look no further than the statistics of income for those in work. On the Tyne and on the Mersey, where unemployment was at its highest, the majority still in paid employment were better off in real money terms than ever before in history.

Probably, it will not work again. Real incomes are only one measure of well being. Social services, schools, housing are facilities used by the majority, and everybody has become aware of the derision with which they have been treated. Most people are insulated from unemployment. But everybody grows old, and fears sickness. A policy of wanton inegalitarianism, of ghettoising the poor, fails in the end in a democracy, because, in the end, the problems cannot all be swept out of sight.

Nevertheless, this government has pointed to a practical problem in egalitarianism which is greater today than ever before: helping the needy may be just, but it is not necessarily popular.

Making it popular will not be easy. It is surely clear, however, that an unfair, unjust government, a government which allows tax fiddles and expense accounts, a government which discriminates against groups because of their race, region or class, such a government will find it hard to persuade ordinary, average people to part with their money. But a party, and a government, which is seen to be fair, and just, will stand a better chance. If the Conservatives have redistributed from the poor to the rest, Labour governments have tended to leave the rich undisturbed. These things are noticed by the public which adjusts its own behaviour accordingly.

The case for equality, then, is moral, and hence it is practical. It is a question of community, and conversely of alienation. It is a question of encouraging people to serve each other, by setting an example of social justice. It is a question of avoiding the bitter, desperate sense of wrong and injustice that created Toxteth and Tottenham.

> Two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws.

Thus wrote the Conservative Disraeli in *Sybil*, and it has become a very precise and accurate description of Thatcher's Britain. This government has fostered the growth of two nations. The moral and practical issue is the desperate need, lest our society rupture at the seams, to produce a single, equal, egalitarian and socialist one. □

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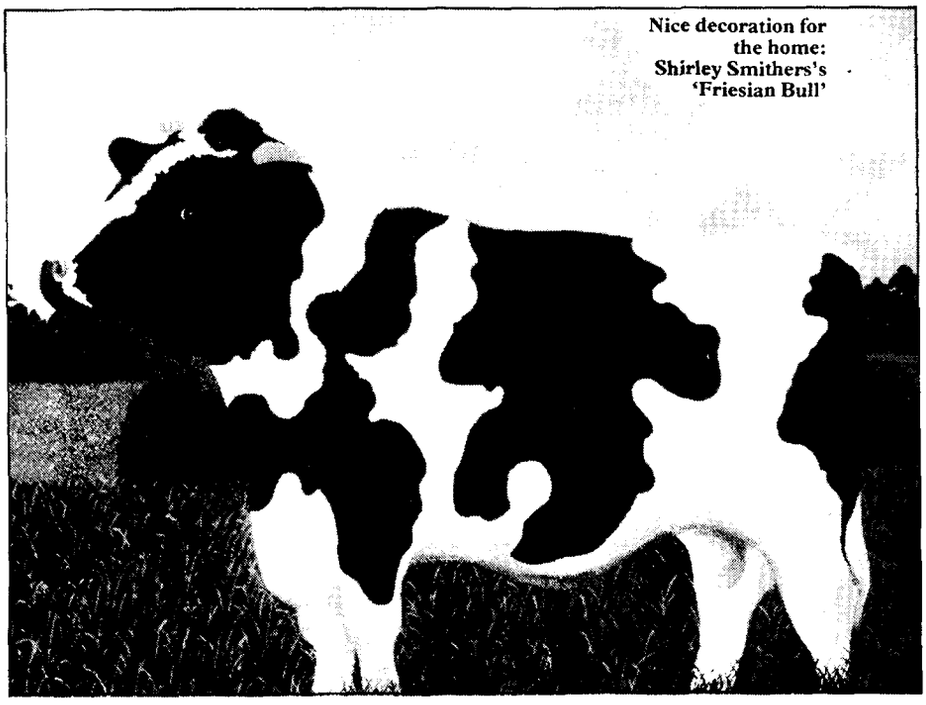
ART



Nice decoration for the home: Shirley Smithers's 'Friesian Bull'

The failure of success

John Spurling

A social event, certainly, the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, but what's its relationship to art?

IF ONE TRIED to imagine the ideal institution for the encouragement and propagation of living art in this country, it would be run by artists for both artists and public.

It would include an art school. It would own spacious, well-lit galleries in the centre of London. It would be self-financing and subject to no outsider's dictates. Every year it would hold a grand open exhibition in which work by its own members would be hung alongside the work of non-members and everything would be on sale to the public. Yes, of course, I have described the Royal Academy and its Summer Exhibition. The only snag is that it is not ideal. So far from ideal that the heart sinks at the very thought of it.

The difficulty in saying why is caused by not wanting merely to impose a narrow canon of taste, to set up one fashion or generation against another. Obviously the Academy, now 218 years old, is a conservative and in many ways old-world body. Equally obviously it is democratic as far as the artists are concerned — there are some 900 exhibiting 1,593 works — and popular with both visitors and buyers. The attendance figure last year was 143,706 and so far this year that is being capped at the rate of 200 a day, while the sales up to the end of last week (including multiple editions of prints and sculptures) were already running at 2,873 items costing a total of £809,284. One might criticise the preponderance of work by Academicians — they are allowed to show six each and most of them have taken up their quota — but, considering that it is their institution and their exhibition, one might also salute them for admitting so much work by non-members. The *canard* aired in *NS* 28 February, incidentally, that there is no room for sculptures by non-members, is not true.

No, the statistics speak for the Academy and anyone who wishes to speak against it must be prepared to say to those 'fifteen fair men and true on the Selection and Hanging Committee' (as the press handout describes them), as well as to most of those involved, whether as exhibitors, visitors or buyers, that this may be what you like, but it is not art. Or, rather, it may be art of a kind, but it is not living art. This is a difficult criticism to substantiate because living art by its very nature subscribes to no rule or formula. One can point to individual examples of living art or make a long catalogue of the dead things that disgrace these splendid galleries and reduce them almost to the level of Hyde Park railings, but one cannot suggest any way to improve matters in the future which would not entail a change of attitude and certainly a new rigour in the Academicians themselves, together with a quite unprecedented visual awakening in the Academy's public.

The deadness begins with the Academicians. Not only do they choose the works by non-Academicians that are shown, but their own works occupy the whole of the first gallery, most of the second and the whole of the large central gallery, as well as cropping up pretty frequently elsewhere. Their ranks now include several of the Pop and Abstract figures of the Sixties, whose work has in some cases ossified completely, but in others remains still open to change, surprise and renewal. R. B. Kitaj's black and white painting, 'The Mother', in Gallery III and Bryan Kneale's set of large, blue, pastel drawings of animal skeletons in the Lecture Room are outstanding inventions.

But although there are signs of life in some of these newer recruits, there are few among the more traditional artists and, of course, it is just this traditionalism without conviction that makes the whole show so depressing. Influence, imitation, stylistic borrowings from the past are inevitable and life-giving to artists, but only as servants, not as masters. Impressionism, Post-Impressionism and their long, slow recession through English followers such as Sickert still rule most of the Academicians. It seems to be enough for them to place themselves in front of a motif — a landscape, a sitter, a still-life, a scene with figures — and transfer it to canvas and paint with the requisite deference to one of those now prettified and codified styles.

There are variations to be observed — faux naiveté, pseudo-expressionism, thick work with the palette knife, even occasional flirtations with the academic style of the 19th century against which the Impressionists were reacting — but the basic inadequacy is always the same. This is instant art, formula art, thoughtless, passionless, journeyman (and woman) art. And whether because the people who make such art themselves naturally choose the same sort of art made by other people or because only the people who make that sort of art submit it to the Academy, the same inertia afflicts the non-members as the members.

I wish I could except the sculptures from these strictures. In the Large South Room there are two lively bronzes of birds by Adrian Sorrell and Jane Truzzi-Franconi (both non-Academicians) and there is a jolly take-off of Rodin by Barry Flanagan in the Central Hall, but most of the rest plumbs depths of whimsicality, facile imitation and slick sentimentality unattained by any of the two-dimensional work.

No one can tell the Academy what it should have instead of what it does, though I know that there is enough living art being made in Britain to fill these galleries. The Academicians would reply — addressing the statistics — that its public wants what it is given and would jib at anything else. But the fact remains that the eyes and the emotions behind them are the only judges of what is art and what is not. I do not believe tht more than half a dozen of these 900-odd artists felt anything but mild self-satisfaction in the creation or completion of these 1,593 works nor do I believe that anyone could look at most of them and receive anything but the simple reassurance of being able to recognise the artist's motif and applaud or deplore his or her skill with an off-the-peg style. Art may be partly to do with decorating your home, but it is mostly to do with understanding and expressing your life. The RA is selling us all short on that score. □

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MUSIC

Shock, horror

Jon Savage

Press coverage of pop has rarely been intelligent: recently, it's sunk to Stygian depths

COMMENTARY ON pop music is not, in general, pitched at a very high level. Part of the problem is tone — how do you address a genuinely demotic area of activity without being patronising or excruciatingly hip — but hierarchy is as much to blame. Nowhere is this more obvious than in Fleet Street.

Thirty years ago, pop began as the province of hustlers and mavericks — untouchables even — who would operate through tiny, independent labels or through inefficient, small subdivisions of unwieldy parent companies. In the mid-Sixties, this changed. The Beatles and the Rolling Stones opened up the pot of gold at the transatlantic end of the rainbow and converted pop into a major, international industry. Yet, as far as the rest of society was concerned, it was still kids' stuff.

During the last five years, the industrial situation of pop has subtly changed. The four multinational companies that control about 80 per cent of the market have tightened up their act. Pop is now completely integrated into the mainstream leisure/entertainment industrial complex. An easy example of this is the way in which Hollywood trails a 'big' movie, like *Ghostbusters,* with hit single plus video. You saw edited highlights on *Top of the Pops* or MTV, now see the film. As importantly, the music industry is deliberately aiming its products at an older age group, the over 25s.

Being part of the same entertainment industry, Fleet Street has reacted to these changes in kind. That's not to say that the national press has ignored pop to date. Virtually all youth fashions have been announced to the nation (and thus codified as a style) by the Fleet Street penchant for moral panics: the 'Clapham Common Murder' scare of summer 1953 advertised the Edwardians, while the Mods were showcased by the 'Bank Holiday Battles' of 1964. This peculiar but cogent mixture of envy and salaciousness has been more indicative of the Fleet Street attitude to pop (and youth) than the occasional fine piece of reportage or investigative journalism. Similarly, pop groups became national news only when there was some tinpot scandal or other: something earth-shattering like swearing on TV.

Things haven't changed much, you might say. Well they have: first in the spread of pop throughout Fleet Street (it is now ubiquitous) and in the velocity and hysteria of the coverage. Pop tittle-tattle and front cover stories now occur with more frequency than any other area of entertainment, except perhaps television. What hasn't changed is its quality.

The 'upmarket' dailies and Sundays have gone, quite sensibly, for the older age group now being heavily courted by the music industry. Sadly, they seem content to perform the function preferred by the music industry: that of providing a consumer guide. Rarely does the coverage go beyond brief (and often token) record reviews or profiles of people in the news. When it does, it's either butchered by the subs or, as in the case of the *Observer*'s brave attempt at something more intelligent, derided by self-styled guardians of 'plain speaking' like Richard Ingrams. Occasionally, they relapse into the facsimile of 'controversy' so beloved of the New Right. Rarely is it understood that pop can be written about on its own terms and that, despite the outraged bleats of the literary establishment, it can throw up writers of worth.

It is left, however, to the tabloids to dredge the pits to their depths. On the 'quality' papers pop is protected, somewhat, by virtue of its position within the Arts Pages, but in the 'pops' it is at the tender mercy of news editors, people who have as much understanding of pop as they might have of how to treat people like human beings. Here the coverage, like much of the rest of the paper, is aimed at the early teens: pop is used to tap into the 'youth market' which, it is hoped, will then grow into dotage with the paper. God save us. The material oscillates, like a busy metronome, between the most basic reproduction of PR handouts and 'trendy' tit-bits of information, to indiscretions pursued with a particular viciousness into scandal.

A spate of recent front-cover pop scandals has left a nasty taste in the mouth. Despite the fact that they are rooted in enough fact to get round a libel lawyer, the selective nature of the information given and the disproportionate space given to nugatory stories smacks of the same treatment that Ian Botham has recently been getting. Some have alleged a vendetta: whatever, the moralising with which these stories usually end is even more revolting.

Practices like these display Fleet Street at its new nadir. Like anything else, pop is not immune from the 'might is right' bullying of the tabloids. Despite the laundering of its public image performed by events like Live Aid, pop is still seen as a socially marginal area of activity by too great a proportion of society. Seedy reporting of hyped-up scandals only reinforces pop's tawdry image while obscuring the fact that Fleet Street contains as many scandals as the music industry or its star system. □

Among this week's contributors:

Kate Kellaway has just been appointed deputy editor of the *Literary Review.*

Adam Mars-Jones edited the collection of gay short stories *Mae West is Dead* (Faber).

Chris Mullin's *Error of Judgement*, about the Birmingham pub bombings, will be published by Chatto in July.

Jon Savage writes a regular column for *The Face.*

Josephine Saxton is an sf writer. Her most recent collections of stories are *The Power of Time* (Chatto) and *Queen of the States* (Women's Press). Her *Little Tours of Hell* will appear in July from Pandora.

CINEMA

Epic proportions

Adam Mars-Jones

King David (PG)
Odeon Haymarket

'MUST YOU RECORD every word I utter?' asks David on his deathbed. 'It's for the Book of Samuel, my Lord,' comes the answer.

The creators of *King David* have noticed that the biblical epic has been in abeyance for a generation. They are hoping that the rotation of genres is a logical cycle, like the rotation of crops, and that the fallow field will bear all the more grain. With the story of David they may have found an ecumenical myth, one with potential appeal to jew and gentile; but the epic remains a genre in crisis.

The problem seems to be a general lack of faith in public life, unless private values are inappropriately projected onto it. Action is felt to be hollow unless it expresses individual emotion, in which case it can hardly qualify for treatment as epic.

The few successful epics of recent years have sidestepped this difficulty by astute choices of subject. For *Lawrence of Arabia*, for instance, action was an escape from the inauthenticity of the personal; what was small and hollow and inadequate could be made to resonate in the public domain. *Gandhi*'s form of action, by contrast, was actually symbolic and therefore exempt from the devaluation of human doings in a corrupt world. Finally, and most unexpectedly, the astronaut heroes of *The Right Stuff* were seen from the start as hollow, as figureheads giving a human face to an essentially technological project, and still managed to salvage something of value.

King David is not of that order of sophistication but it bears traces of the same difficulties. David, for one thing, in spite of being first and foremost a military commander, is never seen in battle. He is forever being acclaimed for his feats of arms but the only exploit we see is the duel with Goliath. One reason for this odd emphasis is the convention of violence in the cinema. A film that contains no violence runs the risk of seeming dull, but we are used to technological deaths which can be perceived as clean. There is a limit to the number of times that a person can cut off the head of another, as David does to Goliath, with the reluctant comment 'So be it, Lord' and an expression suited to putting a loved pet out of its misery.

Even the violence of other characters is managed somewhat euphemistically and with unintended comedy. Saul, for instance, has a group of priests killed, one by one, when they hide David from him. The priests sing a psalm and the massacre is conveyed by way of the soundtrack, with the noise of stabbings and voices falling silent, as if this was a savage variant of the *Eurovision Song Contest*. The high priest, speared last of all by Saul personally, falls to the ground but manages to

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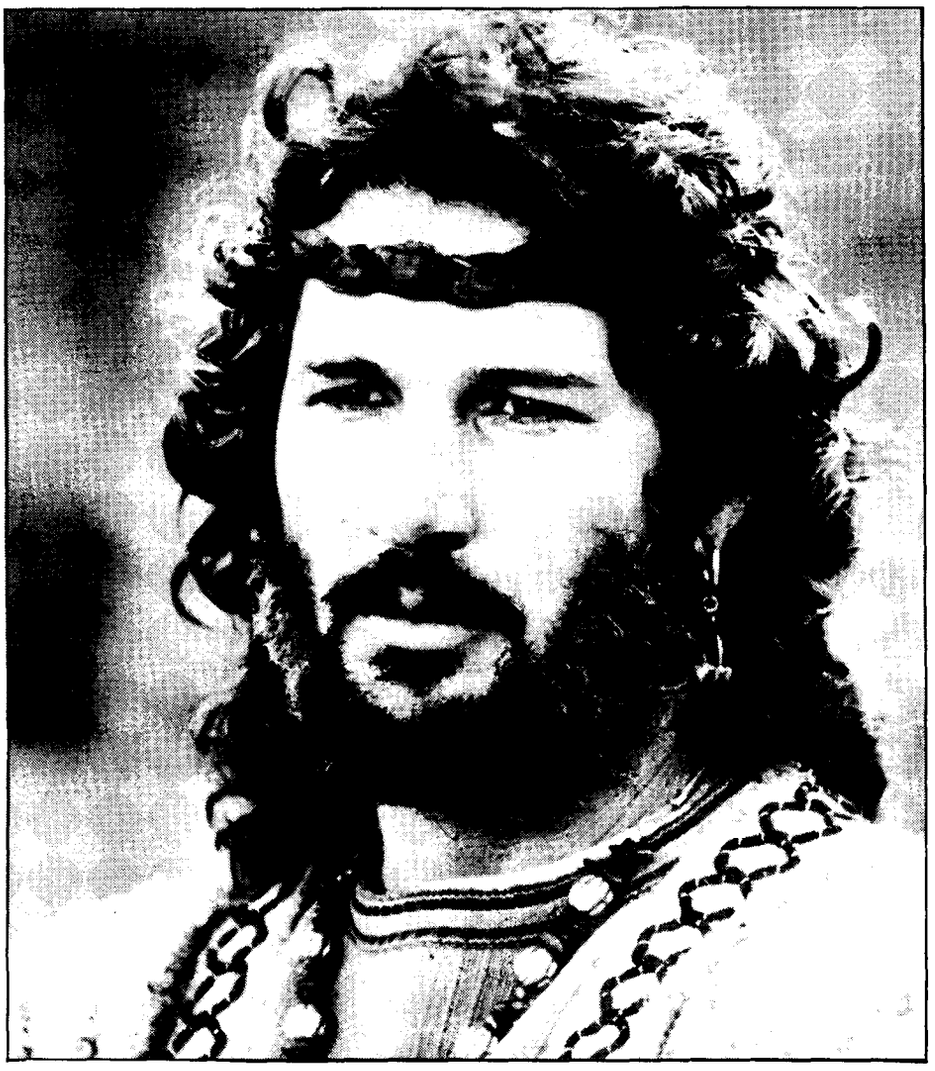

Not too good at the lamentation: Richard Gere as *King David*

deliver the punchline of the psalm before he dies.

By distancing David from slaughter the film draws attention away from the fact that the Lord in due course talks him round to genocide; but it also makes him seem passive and ineffectual. The major events of his life become bereavements (Saul, Jonathan, Absalom) and lamentation really isn't in Richard Gere's line. Edward Woodward as Saul has the more persuasive tragic part. Saul at least is a Lear, looking admittedly, in Edward Woodward's splendid performance, like a David Bellamy turned vicious. David is an Antony who gives up his literal and metaphorical Cleopatras when God and imperialism summon him back to the bloodshed we don't see but approve of in some theoretical way.

At the film's climax, David destroys the model of the Temple he has undertaken to build. But, since God wants to be toasted in Philistine blood rather than worshipped in peace, this too is an act of submission.

If he is to be a plausible hero for modern audiences, David's private life (which is, it is understood, his real life) must be brought into line. So Bathsheba becomes a battered wife whose husband rejects her sexually and David's judicial murder of him becomes a kind of rough justice. Bathsheba points out that she has no redress in law. In fact II Samuel (credited, with other Old Testament books, as the source of the screenplay) makes it clear that David made Bathsheba pregnant and tried to pin the paternity on her husband Uriah by giving him leave to visit her. But Uriah, whose behaviour is exemplary throughout, refuses: sexual intercourse was forbidden to soldiers on campaign and Uriah continues to camp out. So he is killed, betrayed by his king and sent on a suicide mission by his commander-in-chief.

The whitewashing of David's character would matter less if the director, Bruce Beresford, had taken better advantage of the opportunities offered him. In I Samuel, for instance, Saul enters a cave to relieve himself; David snips off a piece of his cloak. That is the version that Pasolini would have filmed, ignoring the epic assumptions. *King David* presents a different incident, also from I Samuel, where David takes Saul's sword while he sleeps. The next morning he brandishes it from the heights and hurls it down into the valley for emphasis.

In I Samuel he also takes Saul's water-jug, but *King David* has the sort of reverence for its material that disguises a crisis of confidence. That water-jug is too domestic, too ordinary, to fit in with the epic sweep we insist the past must have had, although we have learned to distrust epic emotions on our own account. □

THEATRE

Twat in the sea

Benedict Nightingale

Road
JIM CARTRIGHT *Royal Court*
The Entertainer
JOHN OSBORNE *Shaftesbury*
The Taming of the Shrew
SHAKESPEARE *Haymarket*

JIM CARTRIGHT'S **Road** is *Coronation Street* with vomit, excrement and used contraceptives cluttering its gutters, *Under Milk Wood* packed with blunt, despairing curse-words, *Our Town* in terminal disarray.

Penned (as it is) by an unemployed Lancastrian and staged (as it is) at the Royal Court, it may also be regarded as the underprivileged North's scream for the attention of relatively underprivileged London. Perhaps that's why Simon Curtis has given us a promenade production, with performers crashing through an ambulatory audience then stopping and seizing its collective lapels with this piece of front-line evidence or that. The content suggests we're two nations; the style reminds us we're supposed to be one.

In one of this unnamed road's grimy terrace houses, a middle-aged woman gormlessly tries to seduce a drunken squaddie, who proceeds to throw up in his fish and chips. In another, a pale-faced wife waits for her husband, who is as always at the pub, admitting to herself that she's come to loathe him yet recognising his own hopelessness in a community largely on the dole. Unemployment is all around, and bitterness and anger, and loneliness and impotent nostalgia, and booze, and casual, unfulfilling sex. A young couple slowly starve themselves to death in unavailing protest at it all. The play ends with two boys and their pick-ups, momentarily moved by the sound of Otis Redding's soul on an old, cracked disc, agonisedly chorusing 'Somehow, *somehow* we might escape.'

As this suggests, Cartright can't prevent himself becoming just a bit didactic *in extremis*. 'Nothing's shared out right, money

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or love,' cries a young woman, 'there's nothing left but profit and loss and who-shoots-who.' Yet one is less conscious of the author's intentions and manipulations than of his characters' energy, frustration and, not least, bafflement. They feel trapped and abused and they don't really see why. They sense they must do something different and they don't know what. They're powerless and have been conditioned to be helpless and can see nothing ahead except an endless waste of self. It's Cartright's achievement to have isolated these feelings — those, one might say, of someone who finds themself clapped in irons, with only a bottle of rum to sustain their spirits, on the good ship *Titanic* — and given them flesh: humorously, painfully, scathingly.

Of course, it could be argued that John Osborne did rather the same a quarter-century or so ago, first in *Look Back in Anger*, then in **The Entertainer**. When one of Cartright's youngsters wails 'England's in pieces, England's an old twat in the sea,' his message is undeniably akin to that of Archie Rice, winking across the footlights and warning us not to clap too hard because 'we're in a very old building'. The difference is one of intensity and, inevitably, of timeliness. Cartright is writing with up-to-the-moment rancour from a context of derelict factories and teeming job-ventures. Osborne's *Entertainer* comes from the late-late-imperial era — isn't Archie's son killed by 'wogs' in Cyprus? — and is marked by a more rueful *ennui*. It is, so to speak, an earlyish link in the increasingly rusty chain that has now achieved near-disintegration with *Road*. Britain is an antiquated folly, not yet an outrage, an affront; a dying star, not yet a black hole into which Cartright and his characters feel themselves pulled.

Add a long-windedness when it comes to anatomising the politics of Archie's troubled family and *The Entertainer* seems more lacking in contemporary impact, more merely a historical phenomenon than one had hoped. That could, however, have been changed by a performance of Archie himself to compare in pain, charisma and timelessness with that of Olivier in 1958, one which successfully suggested that behind those 'dead eyes' the emotional volcanoes weren't altogether extinct. Peter Bowles is bravely unsentimental in the role, daring to look like a blend of reptilian loan shark and gaudily painted mannequin and to sound sleazily cynical throughout, but the result is to deny the character his moments of vulnerability and pathos, let alone the anguish that ends act two. That's when Archie, having learned of his son's death, pitches into soul-music he once heard in the Americas, a gospel song throbbingly sung by some female version of Otis Redding. It is, admittedly, a climax desperately difficult to make plausible, especially to an age as suspicious of mawkishness as ours — but need it have seemed quite as incongruous as Bowles made it? Need it have provoked the embarrassed titters in the gallery it did on opening night?

Vanessa Redgrave, progressive person that she is, scarcely seemed obvious casting for Shakespeare's **Shrew**, conservative person that *she* turns out to be. It wasn't easy to imagine her declaring a husband 'lord, king, governor', whom a good wife should 'serve, love, obey'. Indeed, I wondered if she might play her taming as a recent RSC Katherine did, as the breaking of a proud spirit by indefensible male swinishness. That actress delivered the line about lords and kings, serving and obeying, in roughly the same tones as a tortured dissident at a show trial. It transformed the play from a defence of the conjugal status quo into a sort of feminist lament: very comforting to the liberal mind but, needless to say, a gross distortion of Shakespeare.

Redgrave indulges in no such right-thinking evasions. Her view of Katherine seems to be the one increasingly accepted by mainstream criticism, that the 'shrew' is a misunderstood, unhappy, hence angry woman fundamentally relieved to find someone willing to take her seriously and able to stand up to her; a woman who ends by discovering love, content and even self-fulfilment in the kind of marriage our age may reject but the Elizabethans thought natural and normal. Certainly, she's all lanky, striding arrogance and svelte jet-set swagger at the beginning, a rich bitch bored both by her own selfishness and the pettiness all around; and at the end she's flashing Timothy Dalton's Petruchio (a genial buccaneer, a sensitive gentleman-pirate) looks of wonderfully genuine affection and tenderness. The problem with the evening — apart from a production too knockabout for my attenuated taste — is that she doesn't fully show the transition between these points. □

Mozart: Symphony No. 40
Beethoven: Symphony No. 1
BRÜGGEN *Philips* 416 329-2

The Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century is a new name to me, though it was founded by Franz Brüggen as long ago as 1981 to perform the late Baroque and Classical repertory on instruments of the period. This coupling of symphonies was taken from public concerts in Amsterdam and Utrecht last year and is the best advert I've heard so far for playing Mozart and Beethoven in a style appropriate to their time. There is nothing half-hearted and tonally deprived about the sound; the orchestra of 40 players generates a formidable *fortissimo* when necessary and is galvanised with unstoppable energy by Brüggen. It's hard to make either of these works seem fresh, but here the orchestra's unanimity of attack and clear articulation, coupled with the head-on approach which raises a tremendous momentum in all the outer movements, are a revelation. Without any special pleading, these performances rank alongside the finest versions of Mozart and Beethoven to have been released in many years.

Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos 18 & 19
BILSON *Archiv* 415 111-2

Malcolm Bilson has been championing Mozart on the fortepiano for a long time now and his project to record all the keyboard concertos with the English Baroque Soloists, conducted by Malcolm Bilson, is now well advanced. The advantages of his approach are easy to enumerate: there is a scaling down of the tonal range of the concertos, a greater equity between soloist and orchestra, a more astringent range of colour. All the sumptuousness that some pianists bring to the works is stripped away and the structural bones can be seen. Bilson is a formidable technician, with an enviable cleanness to his playing which gives the concertos an almost aseptic feel. I'm not entirely convinced, however, that such austerity is totally necessary, either musically or historically; a shade more conscious expressiveness might give these performances more humanity and open them up to a wider audience than those interested in Bilson's approach for the sake of musicological purity.

Mozart: Piano Sonatas K.309, 310, 311
UCHIDA *Philips* 412 741-2

Without any overt concessions to historicity, Mitsuko Uchida's series of Mozart piano sonata recordings remains enormously satisfying and perfectly proportioned. The three works included here all belong to 1777-78, when Mozart was en route to Mannheim and Paris; they make an obvious collection, the two outward-looking sonatas in C major (K.309) and D (K.311) contrasting with the more highly wrought, intense A minor. Uchida manages to ring the changes without any self-conscious mannerisms; she preserves a great transparency of texture within a warm sound world and unashamedly makes use of the full range of colour on a modern concert grand. She retains a perfectly convincing stylistic stance, however, for her ability to tread the line between romantic subjectivity and classical objectivity is precisely the one which Mozart was forced to follow himself. Soon Uchida's first recordings of the concertos will be released, and they, I anticipate, will be equally distinguished.

Andrew Clements

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TELEVISION

Gun law

Hugo Williams

WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW what happened, reconstruct it with actors and slew some emotive graphics across it until you do. That's what the imagination does and that's what TV hitmen do when their promotion-buds get wind of a cover-up story that won't put its head over the parapet long enough for them to invade its privacy with their lenses as big as the Ritz. I suppose there's no harm in playing western movies so long as you don't lynch one of the actors for an encore. What **Panorama** (BBC1) had on its storyboard this week, replacing its scheduled item, was one big coincidence and a lot of question marks. I couldn't put it down.

Deputy Chief Constable John Stalker already has several IRA scalps hanging from his belt following their Manchester bombing campaign ten years ago. This time it's the RUC he's trailing. The boys in blue have been getting trigger-happy, allegedly shooting to kill and asking questions afterwards, only to find that none of the dead men was armed. The official line on this sort of over-acting was expounded by Jim Prior, a man with a fine satirical ear: 'No one was to know when these men were shot that they were not armed.' You misplace one little negative in a philosophy like that and you're liable to find it sticking in your back. I'm not carrying myself, does this mean I should be?

'What you have to realise is that we're fighting terrorists over here,' said the Chief Constable of Northern Ireland in a prepared statement designed to close the allegations of shooting to kill in the Province. It was Sir John who started the investigation into his men's dubious gun-ethics, but he is perfectly satisfied that the suspension of the chief investigating officer, John Stalker, for as yet undisclosed crimes, has nothing to do with his findings on the case. 'My officers will be very disillusioned by this programme,' he said hurtly, with unintentional accuracy.

The programme concentrated on the mayhem at a certain disused shed in Ballymoney. Two 17-year-olds on motorbikes stumbled on a cache of rifles, found themselves surrounded and were shot before they could come out. One survived to have his version reconstructed here. The police story was even less likely, but more confused: the boys had gone down fighting, of course, like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, except that all the evidence, ballistic and otherwise, was suppressed, and the officers involved told to tell a false story 'to protect the life of an informant'. This was a course of behaviour sanctioned by the Official Secrets Acts. (It isn't.) Stalker asked for two officers involved in

Only listen

Naseem Khan

MEMORIAL MEETINGS are usually hushed and strait-laced affairs, but not the meeting in Birmingham last week to celebrate the life of Charles Parker and the opening, at last, of the Charles Parker Archive.

Broadcaster extraordinary (deviser of the pioneering Radio Ballads), part-architect of the folk revival, committed Christian but, above all, a passionate humanist, Parker had a life that united a rich variety of concerns. Birmingham's Chamberlain Square, the other day, was filled with evidence of many of them: Banner Theatre and other documentary-based theatres; folk groups; warm reminiscences from the union movement; music and dance from Asian and Chilean cultural groups. The only part of Parker's crammed life missing was any representation from the BBC, his employer for 24 years. But that is perhaps not surprising, since they effectively fired him.

Memories of Parker's departure from the Beeb were all over Chamberlain Square in multiple reproductions of Richard Yeend's *Guardian* cartoon of the time: a quizzical, mute Parker, circumflexed eyebrows behind heavy specs and a closed zip instead of a mouth. It was on posters and T-shirts and handbills. 'Charles Parker Speaks Again,' said a slogan defiantly. In fact, judging by not only the work presented that day in the hot square but also the exhibition of Parker's life and work in the Central Library behind, Parker has hardly stopped talking since his death, at the age of 61, in December 1980. Rarely can a man have been both so influential and so loved. 'Generous', 'electric', 'catalytic' were common adjectives among the people who'd known and worked with Parker.

Meanwhile, Parker in photographs listened to his friends and colleagues: a thin, tall, incisive man, crouched in the huge, funereal Daimlers that the Beeb originally used for outside broadcasts, doggedly led by his mike — attached to the Midget portable tape recorder that, more than anything, shaped his life — onto fishing boats, down mines, into factories. Most evocative of all, for those who had known him, was the recreation of his edit suite, a picture of activity suddenly cut off: chair pushed back, strips of discarded tape hanging like mice's tails from the editing block. It was a busy working space and, convincingly, that of a man who overnight changed both perceptions of what radio could do and what its relationship with its subject matter could be.

The night in question was 2 July, 1958, the night on which BBC radio put out a documentary from its Midland Region called *The Ballad of John Axon*. It was based on the true story of a railwayman who had recently sacrificed his life on a runaway train: not the stuff of which documentaries were then commonly made. But, above all, it was the treatment that took listeners unawares.

Parker, as a Midland Region radio producer, had commissioned folk singer Ewan MacColl to write the programme and MacColl, his partner Peggy Seeger (later the musical director) and Parker had gone to Axon's hometown of Stockport where they'd recorded some 40 hours of tape. Ordinarily they would then have transcribed them, edited them and reallocated the resulting script to Beeb actors. Instead, they were all transfixed by the power and dignity of the speakers they'd recorded. Why reallocate their words? Why embed them in an authoritarian introduction - questions - comment context? Why not let them speak for themselves? Which was precisely what they did, augmenting the words with music and song that combined folk, jazz and calypso and worked towards a form — folk opera — that Americans were starting to explore. The effect of Parker's first Radio Ballad (one of many) was instantaneous. 'Nothing in radio kaleidoscopy or whatever you like to call it,' said the *Observer*, 'will ever be the same again.' The *Sunday Times* and Driberg in the *New Statesman* also saluted Parker's achievement. Other Ballads followed: on the building of the M1, the miners' world, the fishing industry (which won the prestigious Prix d'Italia), boxing and more.

Parker's output was vast and spread beyond the celebrated Radio Ballads. Indeed, the Archive now housed in Birmingham's Central Library contains 5,000 of his tapes: 100 hours on China, for instance, and 70 on the Irish in Britain and 12 tapes on the history of Wednesbury alone. The Parker Trust has prepared 50 cassettes of listening material for starters and hopes later to reissue the Radio Ballads. They've put out a useful booklet by Trevor Fisher, *Charles Parker: Aspects of a Pioneer*, in the meantime.

Not all Parker's work has been continuously fruitful. His production for Centre 42, for instance (and where is that now?), involved a multi-disciplinary form that echoed his radio technique. The folk revival of the Fifties, into which Parker flung himself (founding the Birmingham and Midland Folk Centre) has not advanced like the victorious army it seemed. But the central inspiration — a commitment to the lives and words of ordinary (and extraordinary) working people — does live on. It's there in the oral history movement, in the continuing folk movement, in documentary theatre (like that of Banner Theatre, which Parker co-founded in 1974), in community arts. 'The most important thing that Charles ever said to me,' said Peter Cheesman of Stoke's Victoria Theatre, 'was "Listen! Listen to the people around you". And you will find great richness — that is what he meant.' □

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the cover-up to be suspended. His request was refused.

'We understand that Stalker offered his resignation,' revealed the programme, 'because he was being denied information, possibly from a bug planted in the hayshed.' It was then that events turned against Big John. His slightly dubious property-developer friend Kevin Taylor was raided and various photograph albums and financial records taken away by the police. Stalker himself was suspended until further notice: 'As a family we have torn ourselves apart trying to think what it might be . . .' Blackmail apparently never entered his head. Not on *Panorama* anyway.

So what are we left with? The first half of a mini-series, certainly. But the chances of the truth emerging as anything more than a variable on a slide-rule of expediency must be slim, surely, given that the lawmen are up against the Law in this movie. Nothing, anyway, was resolved in Part 1.

Television is on safer ground with politics and the slanting of ideas, though God knows the ideas in Newsreel Collective's *Welcome To The Spiv Economy* on **The Eleventh Hour** (C4) needed little enough slanting.

Facts that have hovered on the edge of one's vision until now were brought into focus by the use of two or three specific and well chosen cases. We met an ex-lighterman forced out of a home and job he loved in Dockland by the wholesale internationalisation of an area where 'you used to be able to hear all the feet walking to work past your window in the morning.' He is now forced to drive a cab, cruising his old haunts in lonely isolation: 'I do feel bitter. That's where you found your sense of purpose and camaraderie in a particular group. I do miss them old dock days . . .' A gallant hospital cleaner campaigning to save her bit of the NHS from private enterprise was filmed picketing on long cold nights.

They were visible proof of a malignant and unpredictable strand among the all-good, all-gold, free-market economy. One in ten of the working population is now self-employed, most of them increasingly cut off from their rights to some security, let alone a future. £25 billion passes through the black economy every year.

London has a very small industrial base these days. What we actually do here is advertise other people's stuff and gamble on the foreign exchange markets. For some, geographically mobile, young, white executives who play the supra-national urban draughts game, there is money to be made in these ignoble trades. For the rest, pushed aside by the high-tech, high-gloss economy and the casualisation of their skills, 'it is like Victorian times, with bands of roving workers prowling the towns'. As more and more fall unemployed, the market forces scatter them to the winds. 'The labour movement could be killed off completely, because if you don't know where the people are, you can't organise them.' It seems that the world of work has been transformed behind Labour's back, with only the odd heroic outpost, like the GLEB, holding its finger in the dyke. How long can it be before the ills of these two frightening programmes merge, if they haven't done so already. □

John Minnion

Suffer the little children

Gillian Wilce

Melanie Klein
PHYLLIS GROSSKURTH *Hodder* £19.95
The Selected Melanie Klein
ed. JULIET MITCHELL *Penguin* £4.95

'A WOMAN OF character & force some submerged — how shall I say? — not craft, but subtlety; something working underground. A pull, a twist, like an undertow: menacing. A bluff grey haired lady, with large bright imaginative eyes': Virginia Woolf's description, quoted by Phyllis Grosskurth, of the woman whose ideas nearly split the British Psycho-Analytic Society but who (unlike other 'heretics' — Jung, Adler, Rank, Reich) managed to stay within the Freudian fold while gathering, in Britain at least, a substantial following of her own.

Melanie Klein's work was innovative first of all in method. She analysed very small children by treating their play as if it were a kind of free association, watching for actions which appeared emotion-laden and then interpreting them to the children in appropriate language. From her observations of toddlers and her later clinical practice with older children and adults she developed theories that diverged from Freud's, though always insisting that she was adding to, not contradicting, his theses.

She believed that the beginnings of the Oedipus complex (a term she used less and less over time) and the establishing of a super-ego happen much earlier than he had suggested, since, from the very beginning, the baby is torn between aggression and desire, 'between love and hatred, at bottom between life and death instincts' (feelings which are projected first on to bits of people, then on to whole people, and also re-absorbed in the form of images of the loved/hated object with those feelings attributed to it). Her emphasis on the crucial relationship with the mother's breast provided a counterweight to Freud's phallic bias; her identification of a paranoid-schizoid position, when the baby is beset by anxiety about its own conflicts which is actually experienced as fear of persecution, and of a depressive position, when fear of loss and guilt predominate (the earliest defences, she reckons, are built against one's own destructiveness, not one's libido), extends the psychoanalytic franchise to schizophrenic and manic-depressive adults, since these conditions are then seen as part of our common developmental heritage.

This is, of course, a thorough going over-simplification of her contribution which, as

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these satisfyingly complementary books show, grew — like the child it portrays — sometimes less than coherently from struggle and change. Phyllis Grosskurth painstakingly weaves a seamless descriptive cloth from the threads of polyglot European background (Klein was born in Vienna in 1882 of a Polish father and Slovak mother), intense and painful family relationships, early and unhappy marriage, parenthood, separation, a love affair, the analytic atmospheres of Budapest, Berlin and London, clinical experience, the evolution of her thinking, the drama of professional alliances and enmities; it's clear, fascinating, suggestively patterned but never snagged by reductive authorial explanations and as complete, it seems, as it could be.

The central act of the professional drama is the battle for Freud's mantle. Melanie Klein had accumulated supporters in Britain between her arrival here in 1926 and that of Freud, his daughter Anna and supporting cast from Vienna just before the war. Her major contest was never with Freud himself (he had not, in any case, long to live after his arrival) but with Anna, his Antigone. (The drama was heightened by the fact that, as Phyllis Grosskurth points out, Klein's daughter Melitta played Electra to her mother, joining her opponents, losing no opportunity to attack her bitterly at meetings and remaining permanently estranged — this thread of the narrative is necessarily rather loose; Melitta Schmideberg's own point-of-view is not on offer and has to be inferred.) The hostilities between the leading ladies of British psycho-analysis culminated formally in a series of Controversial Discussions in 1942-4 and a decision, since theoretical differences could not be resolved, to allow the existence of two separate groups (A and B) within the Society, each with the right to train new analysts.

If the competition were viewed as having been continued in recent biographies, then Melanie Klein has won this round by a knock-out. Uwe Henrik Peters's *Anna Freud* (Weidenfeld, 1985, £16.95) is stilted, flat, tendentious and deeply unappealing. Phyllis Grosskurth, on the other hand, uses her scholarship to re-animate a world of feeling, thinking people. She is naturally (what good biographer wouldn't be?) sympathetic to her subject, but she does not work only in primary colours. Her Melanie Klein is impressive and provoking, childish and authoritative, demanding 'undivided loyalty', inspiring both great affection and enormous irritation, capable of prevaricating (for instance, about the fact that her earliest reports concerned her own children), passionately concerned for her work and able to stimulate others in theirs, but not to tolerate argument. 'Melanie Klein's great papers during these years [the late Thirties] . . . emerged out of her own deep personal suffering [including the death of her son], but they should not blind us to the fact that she could be intensely partisan and in some respects highly insensitive.'

Two of these 'great papers' are among those chosen by Juliet Mitchell and presented with brief contextual notes. Her selection touches on Melanie Klein's principal themes, starting with play therapy and working through to the thoughts about the genesis of envy and gratitude which pre-occupied her last decade, and provides a digestible introduction. It shows her prose style growing easier and more fluid as her theories mature, her early stress on congruence with Freud's scheme giving way to acknowledgement of some differences and a freer use of her own terminology. Reading the collection straight through is a curiously effective way of coming to grips with some of Klein's fundamental propositions, thanks in large part to her own habit of introducing each paper with a summary of her previous thinking, the summaries becoming simpler and more lucid over the years.

Together these books offer a remarkably comprehensive induction into Melanie Klein's life and times and thought, but they can perhaps be usefully augmented by another, one concerned with her continuing influence: a patient's account. *My Kleinian Home* by Nini Herman (Quartet, 1985, £8.95) vividly illustrates how it can be that someone feels in urgent need of psycho-analytic help and how, for one person, several periods of therapy, including both Freudian and Jungian, left the core of that need untouched until she found recognition and restoration with someone who based his work on Melanie Klein's views. □

Conversation piece

Kate Kellaway

The tables are in the waitress's way,
Between empty set places,
There is just space to pass,
She comes to the corner
To wait on us.

Now on dirty gold chairs we sit and
speculate:
Look above your head,
And to the right
What is that black mark?
The waitress must once have
Lent there for support.
It is the same size as her hand.

Now it is your turn.
The manager, you say,
Is he a young man
Or a very old boy?
This is how to avoid the past.
That carved man, I begin,
Who props up the bar indefinitely,
He seems oppressed by dust.

You study the menu then pass it to me.
Doesn't it look like a relic? you say.
There's no more décor to survey
And we're running short of staff.
Unequal to silence's latest demand,
I feel like the waitress,
Flinging out a hand.

James, James

Eileen Battersby

Ulysses: The Corrected Text
JAMES JOYCE *Bodley Head* £18/*Penguin* £7.50

'TO LIVE, TO ERR, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life': Joyce might almost have been referring to the problematic publishing history of his great urban epic, *Ulysses*. Sixty-four years after its furtive first publication in Paris, the novel that was once reviled as 'that dirty book' and was duly banned, but has since been acknowledged as the single most influential literary achievement of this century, is now available in fully corrected, mass-market-priced editions.

Revising *Ulysses* took seven years. The Garland Critical and Synoptic Edition appeared in 1984 and is a major feat of textual scholarship, but a price tag in excess of $360 restricted its potential market. Hence these less lavish but much welcomed general editions: '*Ulysses* as Joyce conceived it and meant it to be read.'

Such an announcement will send many interested and/or fretful readers racing off to compare their now officially flawed texts with the new one. But the discovery that some 5,000 corrections have been made after so many years to this incredibly widely studied, pondered over and written upon novel is not, on examination, as dramatic an event as it sounds. Joyce's biographer Richard Ellmann puts this textual 'clean up' into perspective: 'Yes, I agree, 5,000 corrected errors in such a famous work does sound a lot. But as there were millions of possibilities, I guess it's not so bad.'

Few of these changes will, in fact, be noted by scholars or students, much less the non-specialist reader: over 4,500 consist of hardly crucial 'accidentals' (punctuation and spelling errors), the legacy of alternatively well-intentioned, alternatively careless typists, proof-readers and type-setters; all of whom, not surprisingly, often confused genuine mistakes with deliberate Joycean trickery. Further problems were caused by Joyce's poor eyesight, by his unsettled lifestyle — ever moving, always losing notes, manuscripts and galleys *en route* — and his habit of doing his editing, revising and correcting from memory.

The real interest of the corrected *Ulysses* lies in the 50 or so instances where missing words have been caught and recovered from manuscripts. The novel's climax — where Stephen's dead mother appears to him and he asks her what 'the word known to all men' is — loses its former inconclusiveness thanks to the restoration of missing lines — 'Do you know what you are about? Love, yes. Word known to all men' — which emphasise that love, in its various guises, is the central preoccupation of the novel. Bloom's previously disjointed musing outside the window of The Belfast and Oriental Tea Company acquires a new coherence through the insertion of 13

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displaced words, making sense of what was formerly attributed to Joycean whimsey while also pointing to the possible origins of other plot obscurities.

So, it's now just over 82 years since James Joyce and Nora Barnacle first went out walking together on 16 June 1904. His prose masterpiece celebrates their highly public, private anniversary as well as a city, while stretching language to new limits. It inaugurated the apparent non-selectivity of continuous stream of consciousness and has spawned, especially in the United States, an insatiable literary industry.

British critical opinion remains respectfully cautious — apart from that of John Gross, and of an Anthony Burgess more concerned with Joyce's Irishness than his work — but, in the States, Joyce's work has fuelled thesis writers and scholars for nearly four decades, contributed to burgeoning academic conference calendars and caused the foundation of the *Joyce Quarterly* in 1963. From Faulkner to Pynchon, Gaddis and Coover, American modernist writers have displayed strong evidence of his influence, while Scott Fitzgerald offered to throw himself out of a window to honour the watching Joyce.

When Ellmann revised his 1959 National Book Award-winning Joyce biography in 1982, it ran to an extra hundred pages. He certainly doesn't fear for the Joyce industry's survival: 'It's alive and very much kicking.' Facing questions about his vast novels, James Joyce often replied half-jokingly, deadly seriously, that he intended to keep the universities busy 'until well into the next century'. It appears increasingly likely that he'll do that. □

The East is read

Jonathan Mirsky

Behind the Forbidden Door: Travels in China
TIZIANO TERZANI *Allen & Unwin* £11.95

IT IS VERY RARE for a western journalist to be expelled from China; when it happens, the curtain moves and, momentarily, we see behind the scenes.

On 7 March 1984, the Chinese announced that Tiziano Terzani, the Italian representative in Peking of *Der Spiegel*, had been asked to leave China 'for illegally exporting Chinese antiques' and that he had 'confessed he had violated Chinese law'. The report concluded with the observation that Terzani had been treated leniently: he had been fined and the objects had been confiscated.

The first question we must ask about his book is, 'Is it true?' It will certainly be bitter; will it also be a distortion?

After many trips to China I can say that Terzani's disturbing and fascinating memoir of his four years in the People's Republic feels sound to me. Of course, the most dramatic chapter concerns his arrest and interrogation, but every prospective traveller to China, and those who have returned knowing they missed the real thing, should read *Behind the Forbidden Door*. The title is perfect: Terzani found out what goes on in Peking's old courtyards, how elderly Chinese train fighting crickets and keep them in specially cultivated gourds and which temples escaped the depredations of the party and the Red Guards.

Terzani clearly loved and hated China, knew the language well and tried to discover what was left of the lively and rich traditional society which, he notes, the regime praises when it wishes to divert attention from the drab contemporary scene and attacks, as 'feudal', when it wishes to obliterate a building, an idea, a practice, a person.

It would be hard for Peking to criticise Terzani as 'feudal'. After learning Chinese in the US he covered the Vietnamese war for *Der Spiegel* and wrote *Gai Phong*, a book sympathetic to the communists, about the fall of Saigon. When he finally arrived in Peking in 1980 he had already adopted a Chinese name. Once in China he discovered 'that reality was less attractive than dreams'.

Terzani, like many who have travelled to China to work, wanted to live in a Chinese house in a Chinese neighbourhood and have Chinese friends. This was impossible, although he did manage to send his two children to a local school — where they were prevented from becoming friends with their Chinese classmates. When his son won a race, a Chinese was declared the winner because it would have been too face-losing to send a foreigner to the inter-school competition.

But Terzani soon became famous among westerners in China for cycling around Peking and travelling 'hard' class on trains. He took up old pastimes and manners and, as he says, 'I slowly came across a magnificent human China.' This he writes with the good journalist's eye for vivid detail: one of the reasons Peking's alleys stink is because the Red Guards tore out household toilets — they were a bourgeois affectation — and replaced them with socialist open latrines; the finest princely palace in the capital now houses an air-conditioning factory; in Mao's time the national slogan was 'serve the people', but now, in Deng Xiaoping's entrepreneurial China, there is a sign outside a Shandong chicken farm which reads 'serve the chickens'.

Terzani poked his nose into the wrong details from Tibet to Manchuria and wrote about what he discovered in unguarded terms. Finally he was arrested, interrogated for a month, threatened with endless detention and expelled. 'I was given a unique chance to take the ultimate trip into China's heart of darkness.'

As Terzani's colleagues in the foreign press understood at once, it was a frame-up (although only a few, like *The Times*'s David Bonavia, dared to say so in their dispatches); if anything that made it even more frightening. Terzani was abused, beaten, frisked, threatened, kept sleepless and forbidden to see his country's diplomats. It is a measure of the quality of the evidence against him that he was accused of having illegally obtained a valuable Tibetan painting in Lhasa. Terzani pointed out that it was a reproduction, bearing the words 'printed in London'. Nonetheless, at his final interrogation the police exhibited 64 'priceless objects . . . and symbols of our long history and culture.' One of them was Terzani's Tibetan print from the V and A. □

London revisited

Alison Stone

Three years and back to these
Same British streets I ran through blasting
The Ramones. I have
Earphones now. I shave my legs
Not my head. I have learned to say
'Please' and 'Sir'.

I pass the fountain I dived into
After dancing 'til six.
Men with briefcases stared
As I rang out
My skirt on the subway platform.

SCIENCE FICTION

Westworlds

Josephine Saxton

MANY YEARS AGO, teaching 'Creative Writing', I included in my reading lists what was then regarded as obscure pulp fiction. So it is with considerable satisfaction that I see some of those books have now appeared in Gollancz's new Classic SF series. Theodore Sturgeon's **More Than Human**, Samuel R. Delany's **Nova** and Kurt Vonnegut's **The Sirens of Titan** (£2.95 each) are still worth reading under any label.

I would be less confident about much recent sf: there seems to be a California School, arising out of drugs, crazy religions, brain chemistry and all the tough-it-out-baby, four-wheel-drive business of existing in that state, now or in any future. Robert Silverberg's **Tom O'Bedlam** (Gollancz, £9.95) is of this ilk, with its quasi-religious apocalyptic dreamings. Here we find saviours more glorious than a Christmas tree inhabiting planets more wearisome than wondrous (there are a lot of 'wondrous' things in this book, with sequins) reminiscent of an Ellay fish restaurant. None of the mass visions would cause the havoc Silverberg presents; most people would instantly realise that some lout had put heavily cut low-grade LSD in the drinking water. The actual aliens in this very sentimental story are that old standby in male-oriented fiction, pairs of mammary glands (not too fat and certainly not minimal, please, this writer has taste) with usable people attached.

More California in Jody Scott's **Passing for Human** (Women's Press, £2.50), in which a female alien, necessarily disguised as Brenda Starr, Emma Peel and Virginia Woolf, arrives to investigate and save 'the sweet little

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bushmen'. Wearing these overcoats she romps around exclaiming 'leaping lizards' and 'ginger peachy', completely missing an opportunity to know what it is really like to be Virginia Woolf, who in Ancient Egypt has 'jouncing breasts' and is a crack shot mouthing such Bloomsbury niceties as 'You cheap tacky prick!' It was not until I finally tried reading a vicious car-chase between two women aloud in my Tom Waits imitation that I realised this is all meant to be humour.

Very different, and written at a pace acceptable for a novel, is Rhoda Lerman's **The Book of the Night** (Women's Press, £2.50). This too concerns religion, set in a monastery in 10th- and 20th-century Iona simultaneously, but she convinces, lures the reader inside the experience of a girl educated by her mad father who, disguised as a boy and changed into something quite Other, goes among monks who hold new secrets about the nature of entropy and matter itself. The whole work is well researched with a background of kabbala and linguistics, producing a style which would be self-indulgent were it not purposeful. An American writer of compelling talent, definitely not Californian.

Which **Blood Music** by Greg Bear (Gollancz, £9.95) certainly is, set in Enzyme Valley, home of megavitamins and amino-acid therapeutics and where biological artificial intelligence is being researched as we read. This author has the skill to persuade, even through scenes so preposterous that to quote out of context would undermine my thesis that this is a brilliant work of that area of sf which warns, seriously. Unwise sons of witches become Sorcerer's Apprentices when fooling with genes, who selfishly have ends of their own and await only hasty injection into a human bloodstream. This novel is both about human behaviour and a totally believable Rough Beast, aiming to take all others into its noocyte maw, forever. Greg Bear has knowledge of his material. Read this and acquire a paranoia to put nuclear winter in the shade.

Schismatrix by Bruce Sterling (Penguin, £2.50) has much in common with the above in that it deals with biology, brain chemistry, trips, genetic tampering, but fails to grip and fascinate, perhaps because it is ponderous and relentless, stating and overstating: an inflated *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* minus hilarity. Again, Sterling is knowledgeable, but his hero's favourite snort, vasopressin, while it may enhance his memory, is in fact also antidiuretic. Still, water on the brain would be the least of his problems; there's always an antidote for such details when cursed with immortality, or at least 288 pages of tiny print.

The best of the West Coast is William Gibson's **Count Zero** (Gollancz, £9.95). A problem with many genre novels is that their authors stuff them with plots, sub-plots, hyped-up action and sensation to slug and dazzle the reader into not noticing that nothing much is actually happening, much as some pop videos conceal trivial music. This is a video of a novel but written solidly for its own sake, the three stories integrating skilfully at exactly the right pace for the material. The curiously outmoded jargon and clothing here serve only to enhance the reality of a dark thriller. Business corporations more powerful than nations are hardly of the future, but when combined with Voudou, computers which may make you wish the Luddites had done a thorough job and an Art of tomorrow most intelligently devised, we have in this writer's hands a readable future, not a vulgar pantomime. I detect the influence of J. G. Ballard and Philip K. Dick, but Gibson is very much his own writer, able to walk through literary walls without scrambling his material. I had heard that Gibson was super-hyper, but I found him curiously restrained and all the better for that. □

Footnotes

IT'S 'YOU READ IT here first' time. Way back in February 1985, our combative architecture columnist, Jules Lubbock, reviewed an unpublished manuscript by Liverpool's **Weller Streets Housing Co-operative**.

The text, entitled *The Weller Way*, was a vivid account of the co-op's successful struggles with Liverpool Council, architectural practice, each other, towards the creation of a revolutionary, designed-by-the-residents housing estate. It had been sent to nine left-ish publishers; all had dismissed it as unprofitable.

Rubbish, argued Jules: 'This remarkable and readable book transcends its local interest by showing how the "wealth and talent in Liverpool 8", or elsewhere, could transform the culture and economy of our country.' Certainly, his review resulted in a spate of enquiries to this magazine: some from readers curious to know how to get copies of the manuscript; others from tentative publishers.

Sad to say, it was royal involvement — in the shape of 'Carbuncle' Charlie, who'd visited the co-op and been impressed — which finally tipped the balance. Fifteen months after we reviewed it, *The Weller Way* (£2.95) has been published by Faber with a foreword by the Prince of Wales. But it's hard to believe that his 800 words are the sole reason for the book's having sold five-sixths of its print run in four weeks — or, even more, for its having been top of Liverpool's best-seller list two weeks running. No one's denying that publishers need to make a profit — but is it possible that, even on the Left, they're becoming self-destructively cautious?

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THREE RATHER speedier publishing ventures are **Mad Dogs: The US Raids on Libya** (Pluto, £3.50), which has hit the shops within seven weeks of Ronnie's Mediterranean jaunt, **The Worst Accident in the World** (Pan/Heinemann, £2.95), which took six weeks from the Chernobyl disaster, with which its essays are concerned, to publication, and **Mission to South Africa** (Penguin, £2.50) which appeared *four days* after the Eminent Persons Group completed its report.

●

AS THE WORLD'S press pays tribute to **Jorge Luis Borges** — dead last Saturday from liver cancer at the age of 86 — one question wriggles to be answered: what's going to happen when *all* the heroes of the baby-boomers have died? Those who came of age in the late 1960s have so monopolised the media, the arts industries, higher education — making damn sure that the next generation doesn't oust them as they did their elders — that it's only *their* angels who receive any serious attention. And those, as the last few years have made clear with the deaths of Russell, Genet, de Beauvoir, Sartre, Barthes, Lennon, Poulantzas, Marcuse, Walter Rodney, you name them, are a rapidly dwindling crowd.

Harriett Gilbert

From the front

Chris Mullin

Burchett
ed. BEN KIERNAN *Quartet* £14.95

THE AMERICAN journalist Harrison Salisbury once wrote of Wilf Burchett: 'I just don't know anyone who has been at more fronts, behind and between more wars and revolutions . . . His life has been like an old-fashioned Pathe newsreel.'

Burchett was the son of an impoverished Australian farmer. Like many young Australians he took to the road. The eve of World War II found him in Germany, helping to smuggle out Jews.

During the war he became a stringer for, of all papers, the *Daily Express*, reporting from the front line in China, Burma and the Pacific. In September 1945 he was among the first party of journalists to land in Tokyo. Officially they were there to witness the Japanese surrender. Burchett, however, had other ideas. He made his way to Hiroshima and so became the first foreigner to witness the aftermath of the atom bomb. His report caused a sensation. It was published on the the front page of the *Express* under the heading 'I WRITE THIS AS A WARNING TO THE WORLD'. Atom bombs caused radiation from which people were still dying, he said: a fact which, at the time, was vigorously denied by the American military. From that moment onwards Burchett and the Establishment parted company.

The aftermath of the war found Burchett in Germany and Eastern Europe. He sat in on the show trials in Bulgaria and, in Hungary, he reported the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty. Although he was not a Communist, his reporting was increasingly sympathetic to the Eastern bloc regimes.

In the Korean war he was one of only two Western journalists — the other was Englishman Alan Winnington — to report from the *North* Korean side. During the protracted ceasefire negotiations at Panmunjon, Burchett and Winnington regularly exposed the daily diet of lies being

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fed to Western correspondents by the American delegation. The Americans went bananas. At one point the CIA offered him $100,000 to change sides. When that failed, the dirty tricks department swung into action. It was alleged that Burchett was a KGB agent and that he had taken part in the interrogation of Australian prisoners in Korea. These stories — entirely false — were to dog Burchett for the rest of his life.

The Australian government confiscated his passport, then lacked the courage to take up his offer to return home and face his accusers. It was not until the election of Gough Whitlam's government, 20 years later, that Burchett was allowed back into Australia. By then his case had become a *cause célèbre*.

In 1954, Burchett was with Ho Chi Minh at his headquarters in the jungle of North Vietnam. Later that year he entered Hanoi with the Viet Minh following the defeat of the French at Dien Bin Phu. Vietnam was to dominate the rest of Burchett's life. In the early 1960s he spent months travelling with Viet Cong in South Vietnam. His access to Vietnam and its leaders was unique among Western correspondents. By 1971 even Henry Kissinger had invited him to breakfast to discuss what was happening on the other side.

Burchett died in September 1983. He remained active to the end. This book, consisting of contributions from 15 Australian journalists and academics, takes a critical look at his career. Most of the essays are sympathetic, but the book is no eulogy.

Each contributor has been allocated a different phase of Burchett's colourful career. Like Burchett's work, the quality varies considerably. Gavan McCormack's essay on Burchett in Korea, which decisively disposes of the lies about Burchett, is the best.

Much of Burchett's writing — which included 35 books — was hack work and several contributors have not hesitated to say so. As Kelvin Rowley says, 'Burchett sat through the consolidation of Stalinist control in Eastern Europe and he didn't even notice it.'

Burchett made no pretence of being unbiased. Once he had made up his mind which side he was on he tended to report uncritically. While there is no evidence that he reported untruths, his work contains notable omissions. He had nothing to say of Kim Il Sung's purge of the North Korean leadership in 1953; his coverage of land reform in North Vietnam made no mention of the excesses to which the Vietnamese leadership later owned up. David Marr offers the best summary of Burchett's work: 'He was more like a lawyer . . . than a reporter [but] . . . I have yet to pin point a case where Burchett risked perjury by deliberately lying to enhance his client's case.'

Burchett himself wrote in his outstanding autobiography, *At the Barricades*: 'To ensure an honourable place in future records, one has to be convinced not only that one is writing an historic record and informing the public, but also that one is helping to shape history and public opinion in the best interests of humanity.' That was both his strength and his weakness. This book is as near as we are likely to to get to the final word on one of the most remarkable journalists of all time. □

* * * * !

Fiona Pitt-Kethley

SOCIETY IS MADE UP of swearers and non-swearers; like smokers and non-smokers, they rarely see each others' points of view.

I was brought up in a non-swearing family: preachers in every generation back to the 17th century on my mother's side. My grandfather even went to the length of buying paperbacks and scribbling out the damns in them. My great, great uncle, Sam Williams, was the only swearer, but then he *did* join the Army at 11 — he was a big boy — under the assumed name of John Thomas. Apparently I've inherited the exact shape of his thumbs.

I realised as a child that swearing was something I couldn't learn properly at home. I started to compile lists, grading the words from one to ten for shock-value. I liked colourful expressions such as 'Fuck-a-duck' and 'Shit-a-brick'. My best friend's father used 'Shit-a-brick' frequently; he even said it when the Bishop of Kensington refused to ordain him.

I used my lists as teaching aids at school — I wanted to make sure all the other little girls had vocabularies as rich as mine. I can still remember the awkward silence at a refined kids' tea-party when someone said: 'Mummy, what's bugger mean? Fiona taught me it today at school.' There's still plenty for *me* to learn. I didn't latch on to the nicely Freudian 'Motherfucker' till I saw a Jack Nicholson film at 20. More recently, one of my fan letters contained two unknown words — I had to seek a translation from a 16-year-old rugby player.

I'm sure there's a book to be written on the psychology of swearing. I once had a lengthy discussion with an American drama student about the relative merits of 'prick' and 'cunt' as abuse. Could they possibly be synonyms in this context? He was convinced that Americans called each other cunts, while the British solely used the word prick. 'Oh no,' I said, 'we call each other both, regularly.'

Of course, non-stop swearers — the type that look set for a place in the *Guinness Book of Records* — are a pain. There was one at my art school. He taught Art History. I dropped in once on one of his lectures — I'd been told about him. 'Monet's a fucking good painter,' he said. 'Fucking good. Look at that fucking beautiful bit of blue in the corner there. Fucking marvellous that, the way it fucking scintillates.' It was a fucking boring lecture — maybe he should have added some buggers for variety.

Swearing's a great relief at times when you've stubbed your toe, torn your tights, broken your carrier-bag or been let down. It's also extremely useful for getting rid of tiresome men — the sort that follow you at night, or put their hands on your bum in the tube. I'm inclined to think that kids ought to be taught this by their parents. A timely shout of 'Piss off!' would alert bystanders and also probably ruin the romance of the occasion for the paedophile.

The Elizabethans were more sensible in educating their kids, as lines from Ben Jonson's *Every Man In His Humour* indicate:

> Can it call whore? cry bastard? O then kiss it!
> A witty child! can it swear? the father's darling!
> Give it two plums.

I'd have had a lot of plums from that kind of parent.

I suppose it was the Elizabethans who started getting their oaths slightly wrong: 'Gog' for God, 'Gog's liggins' for God's leggings, whatever those were. There's no reason why you shouldn't invent your own, of course. 'Bugger me black', in one of John Cowper Powys's novels, has a nice feel to it. When I was nine, I enjoyed saying 'Fluck' for weeks before I realised I'd got it wrong.

What I really hate are the saccharin expletives. A friend of mine felt, quite rightly, that she had to have a transfer when she was put in an office with a girl who said 'Fudge!' and 'Sugar!' in a sweet voice all day. I'm getting tired, too, of the swearing, or rather lack of it, on *Coronation Street*. How can a full-grown, oily motor mechanic like Brian Tilsley be so namby-pamby as to say 'Flaming Nora'? No wonder Gail's taken up with an Australian — we all know what *they're* like.

Australian Radio was, in fact, broad-minded enough to put out a poem of mine with fucks in it at ten in the morning. When I went on our BBC's *Midweek*, things were very different. There was a last-minute, panic discussion to find out what could be read: fucks, buggery, oral sex, dildoes and wanking were out. There's no pleasing some people.

In the event, the BBC allowed me the childish 'turds' and 'bums'. I *could* have had 'willy', too, but that poem had just been used elsewhere. A day or two earlier, I'd offered them a poem called 'Swimming Baths' over the phone. 'It's only got cocks and pubic hair,' I pleaded. The researcher said that was fine. Minutes later, she rang back to say it *wasn't* fine as the cocks were being sucked. (The lines really only describe swimmers' sadistic tales of 'cocks being sucked down the deep-end's outlet-hole/Their owners had the choice — lose it or drown'.)

All BBC precautions proved vain. A French listener misheard my cleanest poem and sent them a translation of it that definitely was kinkier than the original. For the 'lotus position' he heard 'locust position', which doesn't sound like something you do alone. To the impure all things are impure. I should know. □

Fiona Pitt-Kethley's collection of poems Sky Ray Lolly *(Chatto) was published in April. She'll be reading from it at Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, this Saturday: an event at which poet Michèle Roberts will also read from* her *latest collection. For further details ring 01-741 2251/2132.*

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Weekend competition

No 2929 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Clerkenwell, the area of London lucky enough to contain our good selves, is home, besides, to a number of public hostelries: among them the Crown, the City Pride, the Betsey, Turnmills, the Café St Pierre, the Front Page, the Bleeding Heart, the Castle, the Surprise, the Three Compasses, the Metropolitan, the Gunmaker's Arms, the Penny Black, the Harlequin, the Shakespeare, the Fox and Anchor, the Harrow, the Empress of Russia. As part of this year's Clerkenwell Festival (11-20 July), compers are invited to submit poems (maximum 12 lines) concealing a minimum of ten of those names. Besides the usual prizes for winners, Fullers the brewers are offering a tankard (worth approximately £70) as first prize, a clock as second prize and, for runners up, enormous quantities of BEER. The winning poems will be declaimed by the *Statesman*'s own Roger Woddis at 5.30 on 14 July outside the City Pride in Farringdon Lane. Deadline 3 July.

No 2926 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Scenes of disagreement between fictional detectives.

Report **By Rosie Hughes**

No space (what with Her going on above) to do more than give you all a big hug for being such clever little darlings. Ten pounds a head to the winners.

It felt good to be on top of another case. It felt even better to be on top of a beautiful blonde. So I didn't exactly jump for joy when a creep burst in with an accent you could file your nails on.

'You dairn't knair me, Mr Mairleau. I am Inspectair Clouseau. I have seulved your case — the bootlair is the mairderair.'

'Come again?' A tactless response, but the blonde took it in good part.

'It was the bootlair,' he nagged. 'You have tairned in an innocent guy.'

'Listen Clouseau,' I snarled, 'nobody's innocent in this town — least of all Toots Mancini . . .'

'Gee,' breathed the blonde, changing the subject. 'I never met a French dick before . . .'

PETER NORMAN

Poirot leaned forward. 'I can reveal the identity of the murderer,' he whispered.

The needles clicked rhythmically.

'Sidney Silverman,' said Poirot.

Still the needles clicked.

'It was he who introduced a bill to abolish 'anging. Without 'anging the reader does not care whodunnit. Silverman murdered the detective story. It is not so?'

'It is not so, M. Poirot.' Miss Marple lowered her knitting. 'You are misinformed about the time of death. In St Mary Mead since the war people haven't known their place. Without class distinction the classic murder mystery must die. Death occurred in 1945. The killer was Clement Atlee.'

Across the room a man smiled behind his book of verse. Dalgliesh had evidence of the victim's survival into the 1980s.

KEITH NORMAN

Holmes was wearing a smile you could etch copper plate with. He turned down my offer of a slug of bourbon as though it were an indecent proposal. Then he pointed at the body on the carpet.

'The facts are tediously self-evident,' he said, and Lestrade's face started to twitch again. 'Watson was never a real doctor. His handwriting was too legible. And the peroxide in his cabinet was purely for lightening his hair. As you can see, the roots are naturally dark. Yes, inspector, this has all the hallmarks of a Cosa Nostra revenge killing.'

Lestrade did a double-take, but I couldn't let the snow job pass.

'Forget it,' I said. 'No Mafia button-man ever used a hypodermic. It's strictly a fag job. Watson was sampling the rent-boy scene and his regular queen got jealous.'

Holmes made a run for it, but it was no use. It never is. It had started to rain outside, and I wondered if I'd ever find a taxi. Luckily I did. Holmes was under its wheels, and it was the last favour he ever did me.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

'And WHO, do you think,' said Mr Plod sternly, '*ruined* the school by STEALING all the books? Well — suppose we say it was just the teachers?'

His helmet sort of teetered on his broad forehead. I lit a Luckie and downed a mug of java.

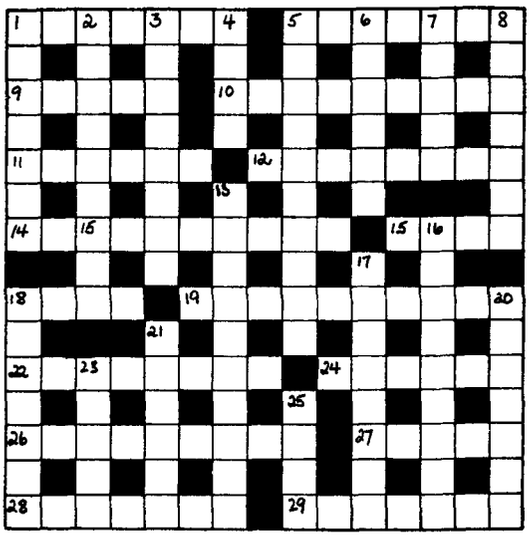
'Yea, Plod,' I told him, 'but this punk Joseph — hell, the guy was sore about the crazy racket his old dame had him operating. The teachers are just dumb greaseballs. They couldn't even *spell* book. But this frizzy-headed Joseph quit the same date they raised hell about the missing library. Teachers, baloney. I say I take my rod and tell Joseph "Nuts!"'

'If you're right, I'm sorry, Mr Hammer,' said Mr Plod. 'But *I* say it's the teachers, and they deserve a good SPANKING. They better LOOK OUT!'

WILL BELLENGER

Weekend Crossword 1522

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1522, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 8 July.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

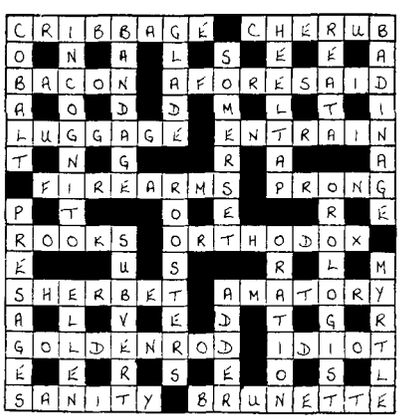
1. Absolve a beginner from contract (7)
5. In changing tides river leaves silt (7)
9. Entertain as a goddess (5)
10. Be charming although disguised as nice and fat (9)
11. Accuse as found in its main dictionary definition (6)
12. Observant people have their cue inside themselves (8)
14. Mother stayed behind and pretended to be ill (10)
15. It is agony when the old man is at home (4)
18. Gives money for a foreign country (4)
19. In church we hear a straightforward account (10)
22. Tell who it is yet I find it is wrong (8)
24. Virgil writing about colour? (6)
26. Are copied freely in a fatty substance (9)
27. This stream would be all right for learning if one weren't in it (5)
28. Produced and gave up (7)
29. Modernises the ruins of Budapest without capital (7)

DOWN

1. Churned up mud as it is in the ground (7)
2. Fighting before the students turn up for a song (9)
3. Coveting change, being revolutionaries (8)
4. Punishment given if one is loud in untruth (4)
5. Adult held by soldiers after a girl vanishes (10)
6. Produces a picture of one in clothes (6)
7. About time she showed awareness of guilt (5)
8. Crime in which treachery starts taking precedence over common sense (7)
13. Get rid of some property in Cumbria (10)
16. The defender is after a record in a cup (9)
17. Attacked on leaving the harbour? (8)
18. Fast round the edge, giving one the leading position (7)
20. It is a drag to look up foreigners (7)
21. Where to back gold when horses are around (6)
23. Chosen from a novel I teach at school (5)
25. People with high-class list (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1520



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AMIABLE MUSICIAN, 40, tallish, slim, fair, seeks mature, warm, sensual woman for friendship, walks, pubs, fun. Cornwall/Devon area, no blue rinse please. Box (25)3231. N25.15

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-586 2274. N49.19

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL lady, seeks tall, non-smoking male, preferably early fifties, cultured. Interests: visual arts, literature, horticulture, natural history, countryside, walking. London, South East. Box (25)3216. N25.16

ATTRACTIVE, SINCERE lady, living in Yorkshire, independent, cultured, warm, loyal, varied interests, seeks professional-type gentleman, 40s-50s, for lasting, caring committed relationship. Box (25)3227. N25.17

ATTRACTIVE, WARM woman, 41, values her independence but would like more sharing in her life. Seeks socialist, unattached male who isn't looking for cosy domesticity. London area. Photo please. Box (25)3212. N25.18

BLONDE, PARTLY Jewish, attractive, lively, intelligent, caring, non-smoking London lady, 50s, unattached, seeks successful, short, funny, easy-going, middlebrow, unattached, n/o, sixtyish 'Mensch' for lasting relationship. Box (25)3225. N25.19

BRISTOL: cheerful, energetic, professional woman (38), independent, interests: daughter 7, alternatives, outdoors, needs warm, positive, non-sexist man, for occasional company, especially for concerts, opera, theatre. Box (25)3210. N25.20

CONSIDERATE, HUMOROUS, non-macho, academic gentleman, early fifties (non-smoker), wishes comely, chic, slim, professional woman with wide interests, for mutually rewarding relationship. Phone please. Box (25)3248. N25.21

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

EDINBURGH–BASED male, 42, tall, slim, single, soft left with Green tendencies, interested history, arts, countryside, travel, seeks like-minded female for possibly long-term relationship. Box (24)3171. N24.19

FEMALE, 30s, needs a cuddle and company, 2 arms for the cuddling, intelligence for the company, but no other qualifications essential. Leeds area. Box (25)3219. N25.22

HELP! I AM a fugitive from Dateline — female, 46, witty, artsy; an ex-smoker, I haven't lost hope for a male counterpart in South London. Box (25)3222. N25.23

INDEPENDENT-MINDED WOMAN sought by unattached, professional male, 40s, for relaxed and caring relationship and who knows? Easy-going, not particularly competitive. Midlands or thereabouts. Box (25)3211. N25.24

INTERESTING, TALL, blond, non-intellectual man, 37, SE London, looking for a woman friend with happiness and love in mind. Box (25)3226. N25.25

LIVELY, INTELLIGENT woman, warm humorous, many cultural interests, seeks similar man, 48-60, non-smoking, sensual, solvent, to share pleasurable and peaceful times. London/Avon. Box (25)3237. N25.26

LONDON MALE, 20s, habitually single, but eager to change. I have no preconceptions, do you? Just be warm, open-minded, female, and not the passive type. Box (25)3246. N25.27

LONDON MALE, 33, interests include: books, films, art and design, basically happy with job, friends, etc., would still like to meet compatible and independent woman. Box (25)3247. N25.28

LONDON MALE, 36, non-smoker, teacher, seeks woman to share enjoyment of politics, books, independent cinema, vegetarian meals, country walks, discussion, caring and cuddles. Box (24)3174. N24.23

MALE 34, interests: sport, music, books, cinema, politics, cooking, walking, eating out, seeks warm, kind, intelligent lady, for romance. Age 25-45. South West. Box (25)3208. N25.29

MALE, 55, divorced, interested world affairs, music, gardens, quiet life style, seeks nice attractive woman friend, who must not be a Tory. NE England. Box (25)3209. N25.30

MALE, ACADEMIC, 41, in platonic marriage, wishes to meet intelligent, preferably married, woman. London. Box (25)3214. N25.31

MAN, 27, Sociologist, liberal, transient lifestyle, seeks woman, 24-30, for warm friendship and shared travel. Photo and long letter please. Box (25)3242. N25.32

MAN WANTED: emotionally, financially secure, socialist, artistic, zest for life, 45-55; for similar woman, to live, love and be happy. West Midlands/Cotswolds. Box (25)3223. N25.33

MANCHESTER FEMALE, mid forties, considered attractive, educated and established, seeks a man in similar position. Box (25)3224. N25.34

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB. N15.31

ONGAR, ESSEX: Phil. 30, Amnesty International, craftsman, anti-sexist, rifleman, cat lover, Guardian reader, folky, tall-clean-scruff, seeks female, any race. Photo please. Thanks for your time. Box (25)3215. N25.35

SELECT FRIENDS the Introduction Agency that interviews the people you will meet. Further information: Select Friends, 58 Maddox St, London W1. 01-493 9937. N1.1

SE LONDON/KENT. Professional male, 38, 6' 2", with varied cultural and country interests, seeks female friend with similar interests. Nationality unimportant. Photo appreciated. Box (25)3250. N25.36

TALL, SLIM, fairly attractive male postgraduate, 25, interests: literature, cinema etc; pines for vivacious, warm, attractive and intelligent (professional?) female, to share conversation, interests and bed. Sheffield area hopefully? Box (25)3220. N25.37

WARM, EXTROVERT, professional lady, Surrey (old enough to have daughters twenty-two, twenty-three), seeks gentleman late forties, early fifties, for companionship, a Cancerian, home loving. Hobbies include: theatre, tennis, music, walking, travel. Genuine replies only. Box (25)3213. N25.38

WOMAN, 47, intelligent, keen sense of humour, lonely, needs someone to laugh with — male. Box (25)3221. N25.39

WOMAN, 60, young in looks and mind, would like male correspondent, any age. Liking for: films, books, travel. Please send photo. Box (25)3249. N25.40

WRITE TO ME. I'm an attractive, feminine woman, Jewish, small, slim, with usual interests looking for a genuine, unattached male, 50-65, non-smoker, for friendship/eventual marriage. Preferably London area. Box (25)3251. N25.41

YOUNG MAN, 25, 6ft tall, blue eyes, Northern exile temporarily in Midlands. Interested in socialism, sport, cinema, liberal Catholic, seeks woman for close friendship. Box (25)3218. N25.42

Reminder!!! Box Replies

When answering more than one advertisement ONLY stamp the postal envelope NOT the individual replies — send them please to:
Box . . . . . .
New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, LONDON EC1R 3AU.

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BILLBOARD

Theatre

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629. Until 21 June 8pm **IVOR CUTLER** in GRUTS. 23-28 June 7.30 pm. **ROGALAND TEATER** from Norway in **HEDDA GABLER** by Ibsen. Performed in Norwegian (English translation available through headphones).

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) YONADAB, PRAVDA – A FLEET STREET COMEDY. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) LOVE FOR LOVE, DALLIANCE. Cottesloe (small auditorium) THE ROAD TO MECCA, NEAPTIDE. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891. 24 hour info 01-628 2295

BARBICAN THEATRE 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' (27, 28 June) in repertoire with **'Troilus & Cressida'** (25, 26 June) and **'Mephisto'** (20-24 June). From 4 July **'The Danton Affair'** by Pam Gems.

THE PIT. 'Philistines' by Maxim Gorky (27, 28 June) in repertoire with **'Real Dreams'** by **Trevor Griffiths** (25, 26 June) and **'Il Candelaio'** by Giordano Bruno (20-24 June).

MEETINGS

SHAW SOCIETY. Eric Wallis on 'The Intelligent Woman's Guide', Friday 27 June at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Lecture 7 p.m. N25.4

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 22 June, 8 p.m. 'ULT DAY Commemoration', United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2. N25.5

LITERARY

NON FICTION. New publisher seeks manuscripts. Synopsis and sample chapter. Box (25)3255. N25.3

SERVICES

AUDIO/COPY typing, word processing. Neat efficient, competitive. Jenny Burke: 01-892 8929. N17.2

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TO LET (f. tenant) or exchange. Small maisonette Beaconsfield, Bucks – accommodation Central London. Tel: 04946 3270 between 9-11 a.m. N25.6

FINANCIAL

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50, 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49.39

AGENDA

WED 25 JUNE

READINGS AT SISTERWRITE, 190 Upper Street, London N1. 7pm, Susan Hemmings, along with several young women writers, will read from their new and exciting sequel to *Girls Are Powerful. True to Life* contains over 100 pieces by girls and young women about their lives today. All women welcome. Adm free. Access. Infor: 01-226 9782.

THURS 26 JUNE

HAS THE MIDDLE EAST PEACE PROCESS COME TO A STANDSTILL? Hear Mordechai Bar-On, Israeli Civil Rights Movement MP at 8pm, Lecture Theatre 3B20, King's College, The Strand, London WC2. Nearest tube, Temple. Org by the British Friends of Peace Now. Details: 01-624 0798.

RADICAL JEWISH HEALTH GROUP meeting for Jews in the caring professions. Details, tel: 01-328 9440.

SAT 28 JUNE

SEXUAL HARASSMENT AND THE LAW. A seminar for lawyers which will examine current strategies and future developments in this expanding area. Fee £7.50 inc background papers. Light lunch provided. Booking in advance. Org. by Women Against Sexual Harassment. Further details write with SAE to Vivienne Gay, Cloisters Temple, London EC4.

DIVIDED BRITAIN: A Challenge for the Labour Movement. Conference organised by the **Child Poverty Action Group.** 10am-4pm, University of London Union, Malet Street, London WC1. Speakers include: Rodney Bickerstaffe (NUPE), Margaret Prosser (TGWU), John Smith MP and Jo Richardson MP. Tickets (£6 waged/£2 unwaged) and full details from: Sarah Hart, CPAG, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2B 5NH.

SUN 29 JUNE

WHAT'S LEFT? A discussion for Labour Party supporters on strategies for the Left. Led by Ken Livingstone, Tom Sawyer and Christine Crawley MEP. Digbeth Civic Hall, Birmingham. 1.30 p.m. Info: 0785 43895.

WED 2 JULY

The Book THE CONTINUUM CONCEPT contains radical insights about human nature. Lecture by author Jean Liedloff. Details: 01-346 6515.

TUES 8 JULY

NO TO STAR WARS, YES TO NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT. CND Lobby, 2.30 – 10pm, House of Commons. Also 3 public meetings, stalls, exhibitions & creche, Central Hall Westminster. CND 01-250 4010.

TUES 15 JULY

ELECTRONIC MAIL: Course for information officers, researchers, communicators. £25. Contact: Lynn Quiney, Library, South Bank Polytechnic, Borough Road, London SE1 0AA. Tel: 01-928 8989 ext. 2484.

HISTORY WORKSHOP CENTRE FOR SOCIAL HISTORY

LAW AND SOCIETY

27th-29th June 1986, St Cross Building, St Cross Road, Oxford
Registration: 10.30am, 27th June

Law and Ideology • Law Power and Violence • Policing • Law and the Family • Lawyers and Social Change • Feminist Approaches to Law • Legal Change and Social Development • Individual Verses Collective Rights • Theories of Law and State • Business and Crime

Workshops include:
Critical Approaches to Legal Education • Women and the Law • Research Methods for Historians of Crime

Tickets £10 waged and £5 unwaged from: History Workshop Centre, Ruskin College, Oxford, OX1 2HE. Tel: 0865 56041. Creche on request.

London Borough of Southwark
in conjunction with Local Groups presents

10 DAYS AGAINST APARTHEID

SPECIAL MEETING

27 June — Main Chamber

Rt Rev Trevor Huddleston.....CR
Lionel Morrison.....Deputy President, NUJ
Mike Terry.....AAM
Solley Smith.....ANC
Roy Sawh.....Director of Black Rights (UK)

Other Guests
Include: Herman Ousley, Wally Serote and John Mashikiza.

Starts 7.30pm

ENTRANCE FREE

Southwark Town Hall, Peckham Road, SE5 8UB
Information: Race Equality Unit 01-231 7331 ext 224
Buses to the Town Hall – 12, 36, 171. Tube: Elephant & Castle or the Oval

MARXISM 86

10th annual week of meetings, debates and discussion organised by the Socialist Workers Party

4-11 JULY University of London Union

DEBATES include:
★ 'Can the Sandinistas bring socialism?' with Mike Gonzalez and John Bevan (5 July 3.45pm)
★ Monty Johnstone and Duncan Hallas debate The Spanish Civil War (7 July 7pm)
★ 'Why are women kept out of skilled jobs?' with Anne Rogers and Cynthia Cockburn (8 July 7pm)
★ Zak Mokton and Seth Harman debate 'Should socialists support Israel?' (8 July 3.45pm)
★ 'Can socialists use TV?' with Alan Plater and Alex Graham (6 July 3.45pm)
★ 'Socialism and black liberation', with Marc Wadsworth and Bruce George (5 July 7pm)

MEETINGS include:
★ Tony Cliff on 'Cripps, Bevan and Benn—leaders of the Labour left' (10 July 7pm)
★ 'Workers' revolt in Irish history—the Ulster experience' with John Gray (6 July 2pm)
★ 'The Hungarian uprising—an eyewitness account' with Peter Fryer (5 July 11.45am)
★ Harry Wicks on the 'Moscow trials—50th anniversary (6 July 3.45pm)
★ Paul Foot on 'Harold Wilson' (5 July 7pm)
★ Raymond Williams on 'The socialist novel' (10 July 7pm)

35 COURSES include:
★ Resistance and revolution in South Africa
★ Trotsky's contribution to Marxism
★ What makes a revolution?
★ The Labour Party and the working class
★ Ireland: problems for socialists

★ **PLUS** bands, films and discos every night

For programme and information about day and session tickets write to Marxism 86, PO Box 82, London E3 or phone 01 538 3305.

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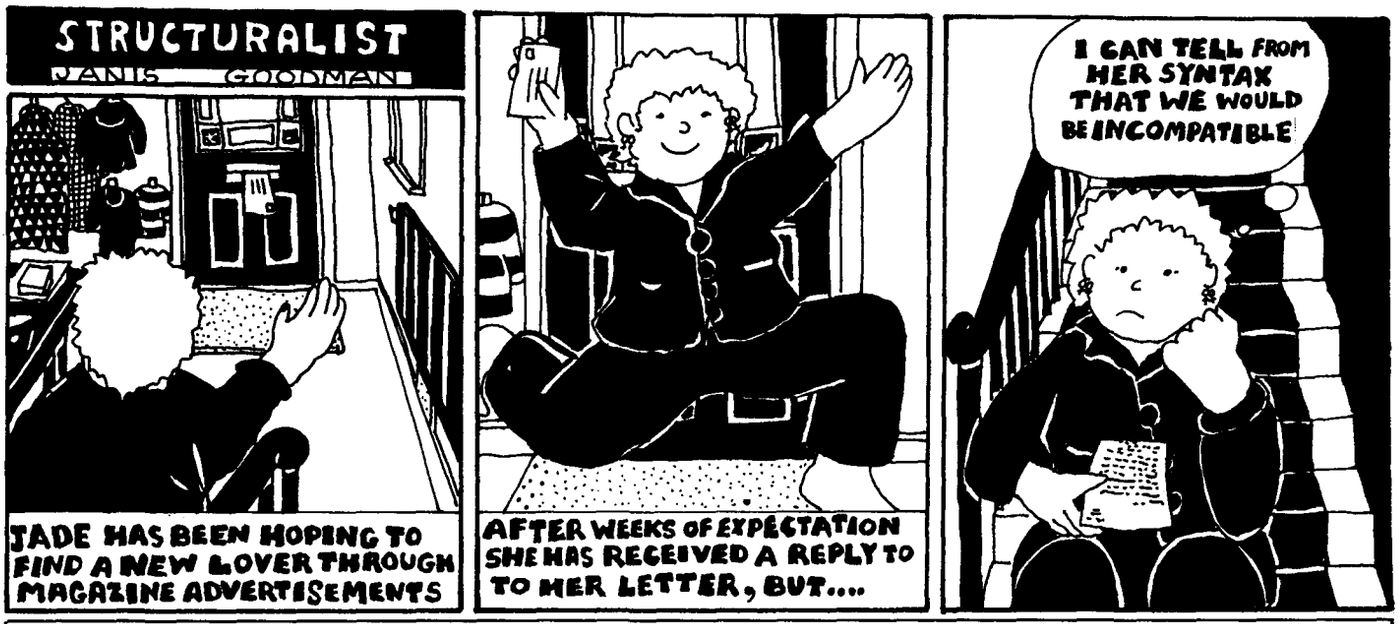

STRUCTURALIST
PANIS GOODMAN
JADE HAS BEEN HOPING TO FIND A NEW LOVER THROUGH MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS
AFTER WEEKS OF EXPECTATION SHE HAS RECEIVED A REPLY TO TO HER LETTER, BUT....
I CAN TELL FROM HER SYNTAX THAT WE WOULD BE INCOMPATIBLE

CHESS

WITH A MATCH in prospect between the two best players around, who are also arguably the two best of all time, British chess fans will be starting to think about booking their seats in the audience. Presumably American Express will do nicely, as they are handling the sale of tickets. Telephone 01-637 8600 extension 300 for details. The cheapest seats are in the back rows at £3 per day, but these cannot be reserved in advance. As best value I would recommend a back row season ticket for all 12 games of the London half of the match, at £30. The playing hall is the ballroom of the Park Lane Hotel in Piccadilly and the sessions are 5 pm to 10 pm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, starting on Monday 28 July. Those booking for a particular day should be wary of games immediately following a decisive result, because the loser is liable to call a time-out.

This is really a ridiculous privilege. Can you think of any other sport in which the spectators are liable to be disappointed because one of the performers does not feel like playing that day? Unfortunately the regulations encourage world championship contestants to act like prima donnas. Both Karpov and Kasparov have done a recce on the venue and complained about everything. They were eventually appeased, but not before the chief organiser, Stewart Reuben, was almost reduced to despair over the location of the players' 'dressing rooms'.

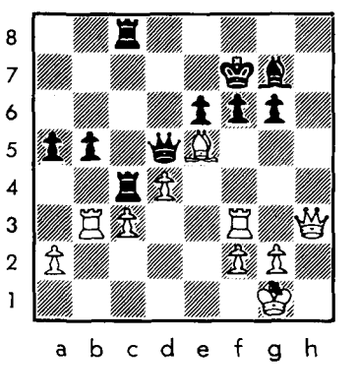
Provision of this facility is the indulgence of another bad habit, which has become standard practice since the Spassky-Korchnoi match of 1977 and Karpov-Korchnoi, Baguio 1978. Having made a move, instead of facing the opponent at the board or prowling round the stage, the player has the option of stalking off to the privacy of his own cubicle. To avoid bad vibes. Or perhaps to be spared from exposure to his rival's loathsome mannerisms.

Ignoring the distraction of this farcical sub-plot, the discerning spectator will concentrate on the strategic themes of the play. The significance of exchanges is certain to be prominent among these. So it is a surprise to find that the recently published *Chess Exchanges* by Taulbut and Jones (Pergamon) is a highly original book, filling a major gap in the literature. The following game is one of their illustrative examples. After Black's weakening 5th move White adopts a lucid exchanging strategy: eliminate white-square defenders to exploit the vulnerable light squares.

Ribli-Kurajica, Novi Sad 1983. Queen's Gambit Declined.
1. Nf3 d5 2. d4 Bf5 3. c4 e6 4. Nc3 c6 5. Qb3 b6? 6. cxd5 exd5 7. e4! dxe4 8. Ne5 Be6 9. Bc4 Bxc4. There goes the prime defender. **10. Qxc4 Qe7 11. Nxc6 Qc7 12. d5 Nf6.** It's important that 12 . . . Nxc6 fails to 13. Bf4! **13. Nb5 Qc8 14. Bg5.** White uses a black-square piece to kill off another light-square defender. **Nxc6 15. Bxf6 gxf6 16. dxc6 Bc5** 16 . . . f5 loses to 17. Qd4. **17. b4 Be7 18. Qxe4 f5 19. Nd6 + Kf8 20. Nxc8!** Rightly deciding to exchange into a major piece ending. 20. Nxf5 Qe6 21. Qxe6 Bxb4+ would give Black much better chances of survival. **fxe4 21. Nxe7 Kxe7 22. Ke2 Rhg8 23. g3 a6 24. a4 Rgd8 25. Rhd1 b5 26. Rxd8 Rxd8 27. axb5 axb5 28. Rc1! 1-0.** White's Rook and c-pawn tie up Black's Rook and King, leaving the White King free to devour Black's pawns.

Problem

Black to play and win.



Solution

1 . . . Rh8 2. Qg3 Not 2. Qg4? Qxe5. **Qe4! 3. Re3 Rxc3!** By exploiting the back rank theme (4. Rbxc3 Qb1 + /4. Rexc3 Qe1 mate/4. Rxe4 Rc1 +) Black forces exchanges that break the pin in the f-file. **4. f4 Qxe3 + 5. Qxe3 Rxe3 6. Rxe3 fxe5 0-1.** From Mattison-Segal, Rijga 1978.

George Botterill

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This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please.)

☐ Avenge yourself. Live long enough to be a problem to your children. — *Car sticker seen in Hampstead* (John Lynch)

☐ Visitors entering Bridgwater in Somerset by the Minehead Road have been amused to find that the 'Welcome to Bridgwater' sign has been amended to read: 'Twin Town: Chernobyl.' Hinkley Point nuclear power station is a couple of miles down the road. – *Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

☐ Clean-thinking councillors have thrown out a street name suggestion to stop smutty-minded vandals changing a letter to create a rude word. A new road alongside Ashford Swimming Pool, which is yet to be built, was to be named Penns Walk. New deputy-mayor Rosemary Fox came to the rescue with an alternative vandal-proof suggestion of Fern Walk. — *Staines and Ashford Leader* (K. H. Southgate)

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WELCOME TO CLERKENWELL

Clerkenwell is a uniquely attractive place in which to work, to live, or to visit. Rising above the valley of the River Fleet (now Farringdon Street), only ten minutes' walk from St Paul's or the Barbican, it is still a thriving creative village in its own right, yet with a thousand years of vivid history.

From the medieval Clerks Well, and Order of St John; the lovely church of St James on the site of the original nunnery of St Mary's; the Old Middlesex Sessions House (with its network of nearby prisons, cells and passages) dominating Clerkenwell Green scene of Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist*; Lenin's room in the Marx Memorial Library; to the many new specialised craft workshops, professional firms, the national newspapers and periodicals and international charities that work in the area today together with nearby Smithfield Meat Market, Hatton Garden Jewel Centre and Sadlers Wells.

THE CLERKENWELL FESTIVAL, FRIDAY 11 JULY TO SUNDAY 20 JULY makes this heritage accessible by an "open house" week, with exhibitions, guided tours and events.

TWO HIGHLIGHT WEEKENDS

Sat 12 July SUPERBIKE. Continental style Round-the-Houses Cycle Time Trial; plus Streamlined Human Power Vehicles display; the return of the Trike; Demonstration by English professional BMX Display team, followed by clinic; local tours organised by the London Cycle Campaign; etc.

Sun 13 July GRAND FAMILY DICKENSIAN STREET FAIR AND CHARITY MARKET. Charity and craft stalls, costume competitions, street entertainment, children's funfair, etc.

Sat 19 July POPULAR MUSIC FOR A HOT SUMMER'S DAY. Chart bands contribute to a donation concert in aid of the "Inner City Action on Drugs". To be held at the new Tunmill Development conversion of the old Booth's warehouses. Organised in conjunction with *City Limits* magazine.

Sun 20 July PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL. From the Italian Church of St Peter, Clerkenwell. The 101st anniversary of this world famous occasion around the streets of "Little Italy", followed by a sagra or fete.

'NOTHING CHANGES'

— an exhibition of original cartoons by **Vicky** which were published in **New Statesman** 1955-1966, shows how little the world has changed — only the main characters. **Pennybank Gallery, Clerkenwell Road** — runs throughout the festival.

Plus

Lunchtime concerts, street entertainment, folk, jazz, poetry, exhibitions, lectures, walks, pub events, children's events . . .

NS Competition readings.

Further information: **Jim Lagden, Brighter Islington Festivals, c/o LBI Planning Department, 229 Essex Road, Islington N1 3PW. Tel: 01-354 7127**

1 July onwards: **Festival Centre, Old Sessions House, Clerkenwell Green, London EC1**

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